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NEW ORLEANS AS IT IS.

WITH A CORRECT GUIDE TO ALL PLACES OF INTEREST



W. W. WILLIAMS.
CLEVELAND.

Shenandoah Valley Route

TO NEW ORLEANS

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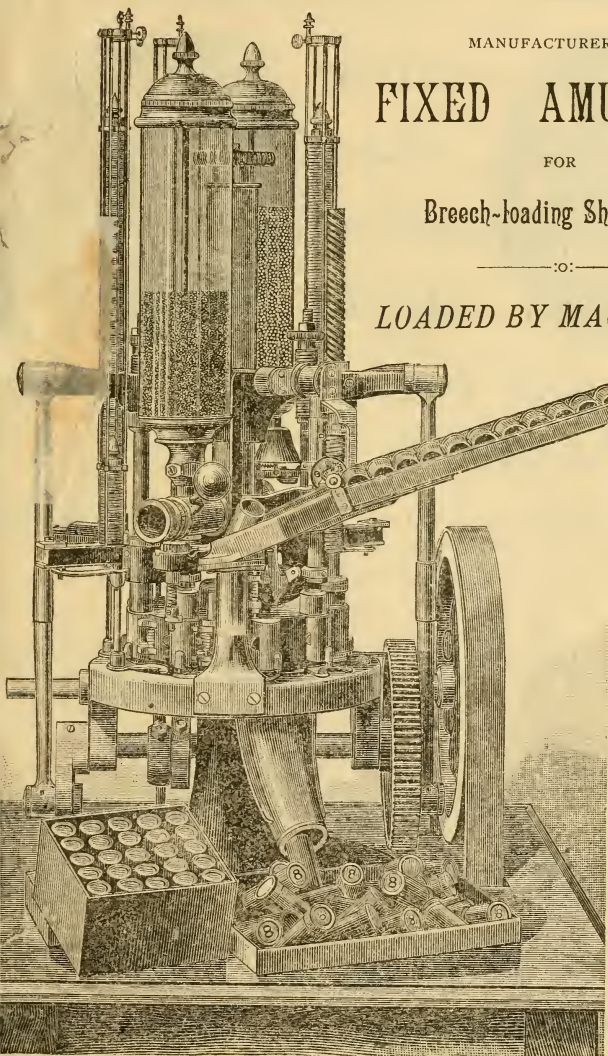
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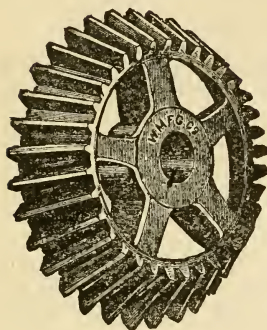
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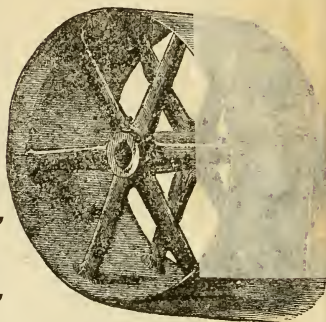
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W. E. PEDRICK.

NEW ORLEANS

AS IT IS.

WITH A CORRECT GUIDE TO ALL PLACES OF INTEREST.



CLEVELAND :
WILLIAM W, WILLIAMS.

Copyright, 1885,
By W. E. PEDRICK.

“ Sous la tonnelle verte
La jeune femme alerté,
Qu' un bras fort enlacait,
Se balançait—

Sa bouche de camée
Montrant demi-pamée
A deux grands yeux ardents
Ses belles dents,

Chantait un air créole
Sans rime ni parole,
Pensif, mais exalté
De voluptie !

Et la grande harmonie
De la brise bénie
Murmurait tout autour
Un chant d' amour ! ”

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NEW ORLEANS AS IT IS.

"The captain told father, when we went to engage passage, that New Orleans was on high land," said the younger daughter with a tremor in the voice, and ignoring the remonstrative touch of her sister. "On high land?" said the captain, turning from the pilot: "Well, so it is—higher than the swamp, but not higher than the river," and he checked a broadening smile.—*Grandissimes.*

New Orleans, like Niagara, cannot be seen in an hour. Mardi Gras excursionists come every year by thousands, spend a day or two, and depart with a very superficial knowledge of the conglomerate freaks, the strange mixtures in the make up of this, the most cosmopolitan city in our land.

Although the French tongue is dominant—the Spanish occupation changing it no more than Prussia changed Alsace, yet its various individualities have been religiously preserved, and Americanisms have failed to crowd them out.

Bienville, Carondelet, O'Reilly and the African, have each maintained a foothold, and preserve it to this hour when the African claims that where a hand for a shovel is needed in municipal employment, or a candidate for office to dispense municipi-

pal patronage, the O'Reilly's are still in full force, as in the city of New York.

HISTORY.

In ninety-one years Louisiana changed rulers six times: From Louis XIV, in 1712, to the commercial dominion of Anthony Crozat. In 1717 from Crozat to the *Compagnie d'Occident*—George Law's great Mississippi bubble company, so copiously illustrated by old prints. In 1731 it was handed back to France; in 1762 from France to Spain; in 1801 again to France, and in 1803 to the United States.

In May, 1539, De Soto, with a fleet and thirteen hundred and fifty men, appeared off the Florida coast. After three years of wearisome and perilous journeys by land and rivers, through the interior, his body was buried beneath the waters of the Mississippi, and his followers reduced to three hundred men. They were pursued by the Indians to the coast, from whence they sailed to Panuco.

No further attempts were made to penetrate this region by foreigners until July, 1673, when Father Marquette came down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, and then returned to Canada.

In 1682 La Salle appeared at the mouth of the Mississippi. He soon after went back to France,

and two years later returned, to be murdered by his companions while exploring in Texas.

Under the orders of Louis XIV, King of France, M. D' Iberville sailed October 24, 1698, from Brest, in command of an expedition to establish a colony in Louisiana. In January, 1699, he arrived off the Florida coast, and soon after established himself on the shores of the Bay of Biloxi—so named from the Biloxis, an Indian tribe of that locality. It is eight miles east from New Orleans, four miles east from Beauvoir, where ex-president Jefferson Davis now resides, and a favorite place of resort. In determining his location, Iberville landed upon Cat Island, about four miles from the coast, where he found swarms of animals which were a cross between a cat and a fox, and therefore gave it the name.

Souville was subsequently made governor of the Province and was succeeded by Bienville, who was removed in 1710 and in 1718 reappointed. He resolved to change the location of his seat of government, and sailed across Lake Ponchartrain, entered Bayou St. John—giving it the name—and landed at or near the spot now known as Bayou Bridge, near the Jockey Club House.

In the following year, 1719, the colonists were very much discouraged by their first flood, the Mississippi overflowing the town site and tempor-

arily causing its desertion. In 1722 however, the government offices were removed from Biloxi to New Orleans.

In 1723 the town had about a hundred dwellings, and from appearances in a portion of the old French quarter, not a few of them still remain. It was laid out in sixty-six squares of three hundred feet each (it now numbers over three thousand squares). It had a frontage on the river of eleven squares and six squares deep. The lots were sixty feet front and from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet deep. The name of the city was given it in honor of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and many of its streets after prominent noblemen of France, as Chartres Street, the Duke of Chartres; Conti, Prince of Conti; Condé, Prince of Condé; Toulouse, Count of Toulouse; Bourbon, Duke of Bourbon. In naming the various localities of the vicinity, many of Louis the XIV.'s notables were remembered. Bay St. Louis, Iberville named in honor of Louis IX. of France; Lake Ponchartrain, whose northern shores are under the protection of St. Tammany Parish, Count Ponchartrain, Louis XIV.'s minister; Lake Maurepas, from Count Maurepas, grandson of Ponchartrain; Louisiana from the King. In streets the Spanish Sovereign was remembered in naming St. Charles, and in later

times Magazine from *Rue de Magazin*, where stood a large house or magazine for storing tobacco, and where large tobacco houses are now seen. Behind Magazine was a *campo de negroes* where cargoes of Guinea slaves were kept, and the street which was cut through became Camp street.

Julien Poydras, who wrote an epic poem on the achievement of Galvez against the English, was subsequently sent to the American Congress, and Poydras street took his name. Rampart street was the outer line of Carondelet, the Spanish Governor's forts. The Indian name of Mississippi, says one of De Soto's followers, was "Chucagua;" the Spanish called it Rio Escondido. In 1727 the Jesuit fathers came over and located in Faubourg St. Mary, near the first district. In the same year seven Ursuline nuns arrived, and took charge of Charity Hospital, under a contract with the India Company.

In 1730 they occupied the convent, corner Ursuline and Chartres Streets, the old facade of which is now used as stores or shops, and the rear abuts upon the garden of the archbishop's residence.

In 1824 the nuns removed to their present spacious convent and grounds, three miles down the river, and near the U. S. Barracks.

In 1728 the India Company sent over a number of "Casket Girls," or *filles à la cassette*, for wives

to the colonists. The company gave to each girl a casket containing articles of dress. The Ursulines took care of them until they were provided with husbands, and from them are descended not a few old families.

In Cable's beautiful story of the Grandissimes, he thus introduces a *fille à la cassette*: "Clotilde, orphan of a murdered Huguenot, was one of sixty, the last royal allotment to Louisiana of imported wives. The king's agents had inveigled her away from France with fair stories: 'They will give you a quiet home with some lady of the colony. Have to marry?—not unless it pleases you. The king himself pays your passage and gives you a casket of clothes. Think of that these times, fillette; and passage free, withal, to—the Garden of Eden, as you may call it—what more, say you, can a poor girl want? Without doubt, too, like a model colonist, you will accept a good husband and have a great many beautiful children, who may say with pride: 'Me, I am no house-of-correction-girl stock; my mother was a *fille à la cassette*!' "

And again: "Here is the way they talked in New Orleans in those days. If you care to understand why Louisiana has grown so out of joint, note the tone of those who governed her in the middle of the last century: 'What, my child,' the

grand marquis said, 'you a *fille á la cassette*? France, for shame! Come here by my side. Will you take a little advice from an old soldier? It is one word—submit. Whatever is inevitable, submit to it. If you want to live easy and sleep easy, do as other people do—submit. Consider submission in the present case; how easy, how comfortable, and how little it amounts to! A little hearing of mass, a little telling of beads, a little crossing of one's self—what is that? One need not believe in them. Don't shake your head. Take my example. Look at me; all these things go in at this ear and out at this. Do king or clergy trouble me? Not at all. For how does the king in these matters of religion? I shall not even tell you, he is such a bad boy.' Fillette did not like the nuns, neither would she marry; so the marquis sent her, together with an old lady, to gather the wax of the wild myrtle at Biloxi, 'a beautiful land of low evergreen trees, looking out across the pine-covered sand keys of the Mississippi Sound to the Gulf of Mexico.' "

Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, the province of Louisiana was the base of the Mississippi-Bubble-Scheme of George Law, the prince regent's great financier. Under the representations of the glittering prospectuses, filled with pictures of the untold riches of the valley of the

great river; of its highlands teeming with gold, silver and diamonds; of the immense grants of land to the company by the prince, all Paris was crazed; "Mississippi" was the bonanza stock, the possession of a few shares of which was a gilt-edged passport anywhere and enough to create a plethoric bank account, enabling, as the chroniclers of those days relate, "servants to go in carriages to the opera and out-dress their mistresses." But the bottom at last dropped; no Armour, nor Gould, nor Rockefeller, to become richer, but all to become poorer. "Mississippi," the province of Louisiana and the Compagnie d'Occident were matters of sore memory to the ancestors of the citizens around the Place d'Arms for long years.

The colony remained strictly French until 1762, when it was ceded to Spain, and four years later, Ulloa, the Spaniard, arrived in New Orleans. His efforts to obtain peaceful possession failing, in 1769 Alexander O'Reilly, as a Spanish general, arrived with a fleet and two thousand six hundred men, took possession of the town in the name of the king, and had a first-class torchlight procession in Jackson Square.

Several years of insurrection and trouble ensued under the Spanish occupation before General O'Reilly got his subjects under submission. He

was one of the earliest Fenians, as he drove off all the English traders and would admit none of their vessels.

Fronting the Place d' Arms, or Jackson Square, on St. Peter's and St. Ann's streets, with a frontage of 336x84 feet upon each street, stand at present two large red brick blocks of stores. O'Reilley, in the king's name, granted this land to the town without reservation. The town subsequently sold it to Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas, on a perpetual lease or yearly rental. His daughter, the Baroness Pontalba, became its possessor and erected the buildings now upon it.

In 1779, Count Galvez, Captain-General of Cuba, required all residents who had come from the British colonies, including, of course, the United States, to swear allegiance to Spain, and there were but one hundred and seventy in the entire city.

In an old curiosity shop on St. Charles Street, can be found for sale old copies of Galvez' proclamations in Spanish, a half yard square.

On the thirteenth of February, 1784, the whole bed of the river in front of the city was filled up with large cakes of ice, from two to three feet thick, which continued five days, when it disappeared down the river.

On the twenty-first day of March, 1788, oc-

curred the great fire, which consumed eight hundred and fifty-six houses, including the church fronting Place d' Arms.

In 1791 Baron de Carondelet, a colonel of the Spanish army and Governor of San Salvador, Guatemala, was appointed Governor of the Province of Louisiana and Florida. The monuments existing to his memory are the canal, which he built from Bayou St. John to the city in 1796, and Carondelet Street, which bears his name. He established the first watch, or police, and caused the streets to be lit. He also offered a premium to those who caused tile roofs to be placed upon their dwellings—as a protection against fire—some of which are still in use.

In 1794 "The Moniteur de la Louisiane" first appeared.

In 1795 the first sugar plantation was started.

In 1796 yellow fever was first introduced to the inhabitants.

In 1801 Spain ceded Louisiana to France.

In 1803 Napoleon sold it to the United States for eighty millions of francs, or \$16,000,000.

In all these changes of ownership, it was *nolens volens* with those who were the most interested, the occupants of the territory.

The people acquiesced unwillingly to the demands of their powerful rulers, and a long period

elapsed before cheerful conformity to the laws of the United States prevailed and the instinctive love of la belle France forgotten.

"The cession had become an accomplished fact. With due drum-beatings and act-reading, flag-raising, cannonading and galloping of aid-de-camp, Nouvelle Orleans had become New Orleans, and Louisiane was Louisiana. * * *

Citizen Fusilier asked one of the gossips: 'What has the new government to do with the health of the Muses?'

'It introduces the English tongue,' said the old man, scowling.

'Oh, well,' replied the questioner, 'the Creoles will soon learn the language.'

'English is not a language, sir; it is a jargon! Hah! sir, I know men in this city who would rather eat a dog than speak English! I speak it, but I also speak Choctaw.' '*'

There were children who remembered those days and who lived to see their native city again in the hands of conquerors, the Federal troops, and again obliged to submit to stronger powers.

Under the rule of the United States, Boré was New Orleans' first mayor, with such names as Livaudais, Tureaud, Faurie, Villere, Fortier, Petit Cavalier, Derbigny and others as councilmen.

* Grandissimes.

In 1801 Daniel Clark was United States consul here. He was the father of Mrs. Gen. Myra Clark Gaines, by whose indefatigable efforts she has obtained a judgment of nearly \$2,000,000 against the city.

Following in the wake of noticable events is that of the twenty-sixth of June, 1805, when, as the chroniclers relate: "An elegant barge, equipped with sails, colors and ten oars, 'manned by a sergeant and ten able and faithful hands,' " carrying a single passenger—Aaron Burr, the bearer of letters from General Wilkenson, introducing him to the city.

The New Orleans, the first steamboat down the Mississippi, arrived January 10, 1812, and was nine days and three hours from Pittsburg.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

was the the next important event that transpired. The scene of this engagement has been but little interfered with since the memorable eighth of January, 1815. General Jackson's headquarters were in a small house, which was thoroughly riddled with cannon shot while the general was *out of it*. Upon the site stands a monument of marble about sixty feet high, upon a brick foundation, fifteen feet wide at its base. An iron staircase winds around a circular brick column to the top.

Small slits to admit light, but not convenient for purposes of observation, occur at intervals. The top is covered with warped boards, and some of the top stones are fallen. A general air of decay prevails about the structure. The approach appears to be through private grounds, but access is willingly given. A short distance from the monument is Chalmette Cemetery, where twelve thousand five hundred Federal dead are buried. Through the main avenue of this cemetery, Jackson is said to have established his line of battle. Outside the cemetery wall of brick, and but a few rods from it, are the famous lines of breastworks, its angles all plainly defined, and extending at right angles with the river, nearly, a half mile or more. The Confederates used the same lines during the late war, and raised them so that now the distance is about ten feet from the water in the ditch to the surface of the works, from whence the deadly fire of the Kentuckians and Tennesseans decimated the British ranks. Logs sheathed the works inside and out, with earth between and cotton bales. With this defense thirty-two hundred men, in one hour, with a loss of but *thirteen*, defeated twelve thousand British troops, with a loss of three thousand. The bottoms of the ditches are now covered with green sluggish water, giving sustenance to flags and bulrushes. A few trees in

the distance, opposite Jackson's right, denote the spot where General Packenham fell, while off to the left is seen a broad plain of meadow land with cattle grazing.

Forty-seven years passed away before the waters of the Mississippi again echoed the cannon's roar in war, and the defenses which now commanded its mouth were tested.

FARRAGUT AND BUTLER.

Fort Jackson is situated on the west bank of the river, eighty miles below New Orleans, and cost the government over a million. It was a casemated fort, and for this occasion mounted eighty guns. On the opposite and east bank is Fort St. Philip, mounting forty guns. Fifteen hundred men garrisoned both forts. The long line of sunken vessels which the Confederates placed there as obstructions had been swept away by high water. As an additional defense, sixteen vessels had been armed, the most of which, including two ironclad rams, were to support the forts.

General Duncan, a Pennsylvanian and West Pointer, commanded both forts, and was considered a good artillerist. Colonel Higgins, formerly of the United States Navy, had immediate command of Fort Jackson.

Three-quarters of a mile below the forts, a

chain had been placed across the river. It was supported by heavy logs, thirty feet long, a few feet apart, to the under side of which the chain was pinned near the up-stream end. In a few months a raft of floating debris formed on the upper side of the chain which reached nearly up to the forts, and its weight and pressure became so great it swept the whole obstruction away and went to sea. It was then replaced by a lighter chain, buoyed by the hulks of eleven schooners. Fire-rafts were also prepared to descend the river.

On the sixteenth of April, 1862, Farragut's fleet consisting of eight steamers, sixteen gun-boats, twenty-one mortar schooners, forty-six sail in all, with three hundred and seven guns, ascended the river twenty-five miles to the forts. On the evening of that day, Farragut made his first reconnoissance.

"As we came within range, a white puff of smoke floated upward from Fort Jackson and a hundred pound rifle shell shrieked through the air, striking the water and exploding about a hundred yards in advance of us. Farragut and Captain Bell had gone aloft, where they sat in the cross-trees taking observations. There was another white puff of smoke and another monster shot came shrieking towards us. This passed perhaps fifty

feet over the heads of the gentlemen aloft, and struck the water two-thirds across the river. 'Back her' from aloft, and we drift down the river two or three ship's length and only just in time, a third furious shell striking and bursting in the water just at the point we had a moment before left. A low murmur of applause at this remarkable excellent gunnery is drawn from our men as we steam slowly up again. Another shot falls short, another bursts prematurely (this one from a forty-two pound smooth bore), when whiz-z-z, with a fearful sound, a hundred-pound shell passes low down between our smoke stack and main mast, the wind of its swift passage actually rocking one of the ship's boats hanging on the side."*

THE FIGHT.

The last day^o of preparation is usually the busiest. It was the seventeenth of April. The fleet had all reached the vicinity of the forts on the evening previous, and the dawn of the seventeenth found the vessels anchored in a tempting huddle four miles below Fort Jackson. The Confederates began the ball. As the sun was rising, a flat-boat piled with lumber, soaked with tar and turpentine, was fired by them and cut adrift. A fresh wind was blowing up the river, and the

*N. Y. Herald.

descent of this magnificent bonfire was slow. But it came at length, roaring and blazing by, causing a sudden slipping of cables and a general anxiety to get out of the way. As it was supposed to contain something of the torpedo kind, the Mississippi fired a few shells into it without effect. A boat from the Iroquois soon tackled the monster, and, fixing grappling irons into the leeward end, towed it ashore, where it burned itself harmlessly away. The work of preparation then proceeded. The dressing of the masts of the mortar-boats was completed, and they looked as if prepared for a festival instead of a bombardment. In the afternoon some of the mortars were towed into position and fired a few experimental shells, fragments of which were exhibited the next day in New Orleans. Preparations were made for the proper reception of fire-rafts in case they were again employed. All the boats of the mortar fleet were provided with axes, ropes and grappling hooks; and early in the evening the boats were reviewed, furnishing a pretty spectacle to the rest of the fleet; nay, a pair of spectacles.*

The boats pulled around the Harriet Lane, the flag-ship of Captain Porter, in single line, each officer in charge being questioned as he passed, by Commodore Porter, as follows: "Fire-buckets?

*Parton.

axes? rope?" A responsive "Ay, ay, sir!" and the Commodore directed: "Pull around the Mississippi and return to your vessels." The Mississippi being a quarter of a mile ahead, the men gave way sturdily in order to beat the rival boats. There were not less than one hundred and fifty boats under review, many of them ten-oared, and the whole scene reminded me more of a regatta than anything else.

An hour after the review, the men had an opportunity to test, in a practical manner, their means for destroying fire-rafts, and they proved to be an admirable success. A turgid column of black smoke, arising from resinous wood, was seen approaching from the vicinity of the forts. Signal lights were made, the varied colors of which produced a beautiful effect upon the foliage of the river bank, and rendered the darkness intenser by contrast when they disappeared; instantly a hundred boats shot out toward the raft, which now was blazing fiercely and casting a wide zone of light upon the water. Two or three of the gun-boats then got under way, and steamed boldly towards the thing of terror. One of them, the Westfield, Captain Renshaw, gallantly opens her steam valves and dashes furiously upon it, making sparks fly and timbers crash with the force of the blow. Then a stream of water from her hose

plays upon the blazing mass. Now the small boats, which lay alongside, come up helter-skelter, actively employing their men. We see everything distinctly in the broad glare—men, oars, boats, buckets and ropes. The scene looks phantom-like, supernatural, intensely interesting, inextricably confused. But finally the object is accomplished. The raft, yet fiercely burning, is taken out of range of the anchored vessels and towed ashore, where it is slowly consumed. As the boats return they are cheered by the fleet, and the scene changes to one of darkness and repose, broken occasionally by the gruff hail of a seaman when a boat sent on business from one vessel to another passes through the fleet. *

THE SECOND DAY.

The next morning the bombardment began. At daylight each of the small steamers attached to the mortar fleet, took four of the schooners in tow and drew them slowly up the river, the bright green foliage waving above their masts. Fourteen of them were ranged in line, close together, along the western shore behind the forest; the one in advance being a mile and three-quarters below Fort Jackson. Six were stationed near the eastern bank, in full view of both forts, two miles and

*New York Times.

three-quarters from St. Philip. The orders were to concentrate the fire upon Fort Jackson, the nearest to both divisions, since if that were reduced, St. Philip must necessarily yield. At nine, before all the mortar vessels were in position, Fort Jackson began the conflict, the balls plunging into the water a hundred yards too short. The gun-boat Owasco, which had steamed up ahead of the schooners, was the first to reply. In a few minutes, however, the deep thunder of the first bomb struck into the overture, and a huge black ball, two hundred and fifteen pounds of iron and gunpowder, whirled aloft a mile into the air with the roar of ten thousand humming tops, and curved with majestic slowness down into the swamp near the fort, exploding with a dull, heavy sound. The mortar men were in no haste. For the first half hour they fired very slowly, while Captain Porter was observing the effect of the fire and giving new directions respecting the elevations, the length of fuse and the weight of the charge of powder. The calculations were made with such nicety that the changes in the weight of the charge were made by single ounces, when the whole charge was nearly twenty pounds. The Confederates, too, fired slowly and badly during the first half hour. By ten o'clock, however, both sides had ceased to experiment and had begun to work.

The scene at this time was in the highest degree exciting and picturesque. The rigging of the Federal fleet, just below the mortar vessels, was filled with spectators from rail to mast head, who watched with breathless interest the rise and fall of every shell, and burst into cheers when a good shot was made. Four or five of the gun-boats were moving about in the middle of the river between the two divisions of mortars, keeping up a vigorous fire upon the nearer batteries. Both forts were firing steadily and well, their shots splashing water over the mortar vessels on the eastern side, and throwing up the soft soil of the bank high over the masts of those on the western. It is wonderful how many splendid shots may be made at a distant object without one hitting it. The balls fell all around the mortar boats all day and only two of them were struck, and they not seriously injured. Not a man was hurt in the mortar fleet the first day except those who were sickened by the tremendous concussion which followed every discharge. The men stood on tiptoe and with open mouths to lessen the effect of the stunning sound. But men can get used to anything. They came at length to be able to sleep upon the deck of the mortar boats while the bombs were going off at the rate of two a minute. It was exhausting work, handling those huge globes

of iron, and the men, too tired to go below, would lie down along the forecastle, falling instantly to sleep, and never stir till they were called to duty again.

Men can bear what no other creature can. As the firing grew hotter, the very bees in the woods could not endure it, but came in swarms over the river and buzzed about the ears of the men in the rigging of the fleet. It was too much even for the fish in the river. Large quantities of dead fish floated past, killed by the close thunder of the guns.

When the fire had lasted an hour and a half the scene was enlivened by a new feature. Over the woods beyond the forts are seen seven or eight moving columns of smoke—Confederate steamers—and soon three of them appear steering towards the forts. They soon get under cover again, and then three burning rafts are set afloat, but are soon disposed of. The day wore on. At four in the afternoon General Butler's steamer, *Saxon*, arrived with the news that the general and his troops were below and ready, and also that the *Monitor* had sunk the *Merrimac*. An hour later flames were seen bursting from Fort Jackson, and the fire of its guns slackened. The citadel and barracks within the fort were on fire. Both forts ceased firing, while the conflagration lasted till

two o'clock the next morning. At half past six Captain Porter gave the signal to cease firing, and the night passed in silence.

THE THIRD DAY.

The next morning, to the surprise of all, Fort Jackson responded vigorously to the fire of the mortars. At half past eleven a rifle ball crushed through one of the bomb schooners and sunk her in twenty minutes without harming a man. The *Oneida* was twice hit in the afternoon, two gun carriages knocked to pieces and nine men wounded. The fire of the fort slackened as the day wore on. A shell bursting in the levee had flooded the interior of the fort with water. Another broke into the officers' mess room while they were at dinner, and the ugly thing lay smoking upon the ground between them and the only door. They sprang away horrified, while the fuse went out without exploding the shell.

General Butler and staff arrived in the afternoon, and after dark went up in a small boat to take a look at the cable which obstructed passage up the river. At night the mortars played upon the fort. A deserter, a Dan Rice circus performer, arrived, making his way from Fort Jackson to the fleet, lighted and guided by the fire of the mortars. The third day of the bombardment passed, when

it was decided to attempt to cut the cable, which was supported by hulks of schooners. The attempt by means of petards failing, the gun-boat Itasca steaming up to a hulk, the men sprang on board, lashed the gun-boat securely to her side. A rocket shot into the air. They were discovered. Both forts opened fire, but, protected by the darkness and smoke, succeeded in severing with sledge and chisel the chain. The anchors of the hulks were slipped, the central hulk removed, while the current swung those upon each side away.

THE FOURTH DAY.

The fourth day of the bombardment passed without incident. Nearly four thousand shells, costing the government \$50 each, had been fired, and still the forts replied with determined vigor, and, as usual, fire-rafts at night were regular visitors.

THE FIFTH DAY.

The fifth day dawned—April 22. Farragut intended this should be the last day of the bombardment, but on account of disabled gun-boats he decided to wait another day.

THE SIXTH DAY.

The sixth day the forts were silent. Not one gun was fired by them from morning till night.

The bombardment was languidly continued. Some said Fort Jackson had been evacuated. Others thought a new cable was being placed across the river above the forts. Men at the mast-head reported twelve steamers above the forts moving about briskly. Occasionally one of these came down to the old cable to reconnoiter, draw the fire of a gun-boat and return. No inference could be drawn from the absence of a flag at Fort Jackson, for it had been taken down after the first day. The general commanding in New Orleans wrote that day to General Duncan: "Say to your officers and men that their heroic fortitude in enduring one of the most terrific bombardments ever known, and the courage which they have evinced, will surely enable them to crush the enemy whenever he dares to come from under cover. Their gallant conduct attracts the admiration of all, and will be recorded in history as splendid examples for patriots and soldiers."

Duncan reported: "Heavy and continued bombardment all night, and still progressing. No further casualties, except two men slightly wounded."

At sunset of the twenty-third, Farragut's arrangements were all completed for running by the forts. The mortar boats were to cover the attack by as rapid firing as possible. The Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasca, Clifton, Miami and Jackson,

were to engage the water-battery below Fort Jackson. Farragut, with the largest ships, the Hartford, Richmond and Brooklyn, was to advance upon Fort Jackson. Captain Bailey, with the Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kineo and Wissahickon, was to take the east bank and engage Fort St. Philip. Captain Bell, with the Scioto, Iroquois, Pinola, Itasca and Kennebec, was to advance up the middle of the river and engage the Confederate fleet above the forts.

At half-past three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the squadron commenced to move. It was two miles to the forts, and five miles to a point beyond range.

The fleet advanced in the appointed three lines, one ship close behind the other. Captain Bailey, on the eastern side, caught the first fire. His Cayuga had first passed through the opening in the cable, when both forts discovered him and opened upon him with every available gun. The balls flew around the ship; but the firing was much too high, and he was seldom hulled. As yet the Cayuga was silent, and the Confederate gunners, as they afterwards said, could see nothing whatever; they averred that they aimed no gun that morning at an object except when the flash of Union guns gave them a momentary delusive

target. Bailey's division steamed on three-quarters of a mile under this fire without firing a shot in reply, guided on the way by the flashes of St. Philip. Running in at length, close under the fort, he gave it a broadside of grape and canister as he passed. The Pensacola, Mississippi, the Varuna and rest of the division followed close behind, each delivering broadsides of small shot and keeping steadily on in the wake of the Cayuga. All of this division passed the forts with little damage except the Portsmouth losing her tow, drifted down the river.

The middle division of Captain Bell was less fortunate. The Scioto, Iroquois and Pinola passed by under the most tremendous fire, but the Itasca received, opposite Fort St. Philip, a cataract of shot, one of which pierced her boiler and she dropped down the river. The Winona, staggered by the annihilating fire, retired. The Kennebec was caught in the cable, lost her way in the darkness and smoke, and returned to her anchorage.

Commodore Farragut meanwhile was having, to use his own language, "a rough time of it." The Hartford advanced to within a mile and a quarter of Fort Jackson before receiving its attention. Farragut was in the fore-rigging, peering into the night with his glass. Then the fort opened upon the ship a fire that was better aimed than that

which had saluted Captain Bailey. The ship was repeatedly struck. Two guns were mounted upon the forecastle which replied to the fire of the fort while steaming directly for it. At the distance of half a mile, broadsides of grape and canister drove every man in the fort under cover; but the casemate guns were in full play, and the Hartford was well peppered. The Richmond quickly followed and deluged the fort with grape and canister. The Brooklyn, the last of this division, was caught by one of the cable hulks and lagged behind. Captain Craven of the Brooklyn relates: "I extricated my ship from the rafts; her head was turned up stream, and in a few minutes she was fully butted by the celebrated ram, Manassas. She came butting into our star-board gangway, first firing from her trap-door when within about ten feet of the ship, directly toward our smoke-stack, her shot entering about five feet above the water-line and lodging in the sand bags which protected our steam drum. I had discovered this queer looking gentleman, while forcing my way over the barricade, lying close into the bank, and when he made his appearance the second time, I was so close to him he had no opportunity to get up his full speed, and his efforts to damage me were frustrated, our chain-armor proving a perfect protection to our

sides. He soon slid off and disappeared in the darkness."

Most of the ships had run by, and Farragut, having escaped Fort Jackson, was advancing towards the other fort when a new enemy appeared—the fleet of Confederate gun-boats lying in order of battle just above St. Philip. Captain Bailey, with the Cayuga, was in the midst of them before he knew it. The gun-boats ran at him full tilt, he answering with eleven-inch solid shot, compelling them to surrender before the other ships came up. The Varuna and Oneida came dashing in to the rescue; the former was struck by the iron-clad, Morgan, and again by another iron-clad, crushing in her sides, to which she replied by five eight-inch shells abaft her armor, settling the ram and driving it ashore in flames. The Varuna then sank. During this time the Morgan was crippled and surrendered to the Oneida. Meanwhile, Farragut was battling with the forts, pouring broadsides into St. Philip and receiving the fire of both. Suddenly a huge fire-raft blazed up before him, revealing the ram Manasses behind it, pushing it towards the Hartford. The latter was soon ablaze and soon extinguished, after backing off and getting clear of the raft. The Manassas then made a dash at the Mississippi, or both at each other, when the former dodged the latter and ran

ashore, the Mississippi pouring a broadside into her. She soon afterwards drifted down the stream.

The scene when the fire caught the flag-ship, which was the crowning moment of the battle, is beyond the power of words to describe. The mere noise was an experience unique to the oldest officers:—twenty mortars, a hundred and forty-two guns in the fleet, a hundred and twenty on the forts; the crash of splinters, the explosion of boilers and magazines; the shouts, the cries, the shrieks of scalded and drowning men! Add to this the belching flashes of the guns, the blazing raft, the burning steamboats, the river full of fire.

The Cayuga was struck forty-two times. On arriving at the quarantine station the Confederate camp then surrendered. The fleet soon followed and anchored. The dead, thirty in number, were buried, and the wounded, one hundred and nineteen, duly cared for. At eleven A. M. the fleet moved up the river towards New Orleans, while the garrisons of the forts surrendered to Captain Porter, who had remained with the mortar boats below.

At one o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, Farragut's fleet lay at anchor off the head of Canal Street, having met no obstacles in the way of batteries except at Chalmette, Jackson's old battle ground, where a brief engagement ensued,

with but trifling loss upon either side. During the evening before, the burning of cotton and ships began. Fifteen thousand bales of cotton on the levee, a dozen cotton ships and fifteen or twenty steamboats in the river; an unfinished ram and vast heaps of coal, wood and timber. Hogsheads of sugar and molasses were stove in by hundreds. Parts of the levee ran molasses, while thousands of negroes carried off sugar in aprons, pails and baskets.

The evacuation of the city by the Confederate troops had taken place. The morning report of the Confederate General, Lovell, on the day of evacuation, showed his force to have been but two thousand and eight hundred men; only two hundred more than the Spanish General O'Reilly brought with him to capture the city nearly a hundred years before.

At eight o'clock Sunday morning, April 27, Captain Morris of the Pensacola, which lay off the United States mint, sent a few men ashore, who hoisted the United States flag upon the mint. It remained but a few hours when it was removed by the exasperated citizens.

On the twenty-ninth, Captain Bell with a hundred marines landed upon the levee, marched into the city, hauled down the Confederate flags from the mint and custom-house, and hoisted in-

stead the flag of the United States. Captain Bell locked the custom-house and took the key to his ship.

At noon, May 1, General Butler and his transports arrived, and disembarked at four P. M. with the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Fourth Wisconsin and Everett's Battery of Artillery, marching down the levee to Poydras Street, thence to St. Charles, thence to Canal and the custom-house, where the Thirty-first were quartered. The Twelfth Connecticut bivouacked upon the levee, and next day camped in Lafayette Square, opposite the city hall.

General Butler then ordered the St. Charles Hotel, which was closed, to be opened for the accommodation of himself and staff. He prepared his proclamation, as Galvez and other rulers had done before him, but the printers wouldn't publish it. He then placed his own compositors in the *True Delta* office, who set up and struck it off, proclaiming martial law. The circulation of Confederate money was forbidden, and payment of municipal taxes suppressed. The mayor and common council were arrested and brought before him at the St. Charles, where Pierre Soulé, former United States Senator, defended them. He was subsequently arrested and sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. A fine bust of Senator Soulé can be seen in the Supreme Court room in

the old Spanish Cabildo building in Jackson Square, also a portrait of the late Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, together with that of General Grimes, General Andrew Jackson's Adjutant-General.

Algiers was next occupied by Federal troops as well as Carrollton.

Commodore Farragut's gun-boats proceeded to their work up the river to Baton Rouge, Natchez and Vicksburg, while the inhabitants of New Orleans remained passively waiting to see which way the tide would turn.

Twenty-two years have passed, and this first Tuesday in November, 1884, when the great question as to who shall govern these United States is being worked out, the writer has seen at the polls in the city of New Orleans, a ticket, with the words printed in green ink, "For President, Benjamin F. Butler."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The city is divided into seven representative districts and seventeen wards.

The Common Council is composed of thirty members. The mayor, treasurer, comptroller, commissioner of public works, commissioner of police and public buildings, are elected every four years and receive in salaries \$3,500 each, except

the police commissioner, who receives \$3,000. The city attorney is paid \$3,500 a year with necessary assistants. The civil engineer gets \$2,500. There are four police courts, who in addition perform the duties of justices of the peace. They receive each \$2,500 per annum, and are entitled to four clerks each, whose salaries aggregate \$4,700. In those districts containing police courts, the office of justice of the peace has been abolished.

The markets of the city are farmed out to individuals, who have the collection of the rentals. They return in the neighborhood of \$200,000 per annum. The stalls are let by the day, and are open from 3 A. M. till noon.

The gambling houses, in common with all licenses, pay a large portion of their gains to the municipal government, aggregating a very large amount, and which in turn is ostensibly devoted to alms houses.

The report of the Board of Health gives the present population as follows:

Whites.....	171,000
Colored.....	63,000
Total.....	<u>234,000</u>

In 1861 the valuation of the real estate, personal property and slaves was:

Real Estate.....	\$87,434,550
Personal Property.....	31,148,733
Slaves.....	6,609,210
Total.....	<u>\$125,192,403</u>

At which time the ratio of taxation on every one hundred dollars was one and one-half per cent.

In 1863 the valuation of real estate and personal property was reduced as follows:

Real Estate.....	\$86,000,000
Personal Property.....	14,000,000
Total.....	<u>\$100,000,000</u>

And the ratio of taxation on every one hundred dollars was one per cent.

From the last mentioned total valuation it has fluctuated from its highest points in 1870, when it was 140,000,000 to its lowest in 1880 of \$91,000,000.

In 1883 the total valuation was \$113,000,000. Rate of taxation on every one hundred dollars two per cent.

It would be a difficult problem to attempt to figure out the prosperity of the city or its retrograding movement by the assessor's tables. The trade and commerce of the city may increase and quadruple; its merchants acquire wealth and build palatial homes, but the influence of none of this

is seen except in the increased aggregate amount of funds required for the city's budget.

The total receipts for six months ending December 31, 1883, were \$2,308,948.23, admitting the first half year to be the same, the aggregate would be \$4,617,896.46, or over four and a half millions per annum.

The total bonded debt of New York city, in round numbers, is about \$125,000,000, less its sinking fund of \$35,000,000, being \$90,000,000 net, and about eight per cent. of the assessed valuation of its real estate. That of New Orleans is about eighteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of its real estate.

The total bonded and floating debt of the city at the close of 1883, according to the comptroller's report, was \$18,672,947.13.

The Myra Clark Gaines judgment against the city, now being on appeal, amounts in addition to \$1,925,667,82.

Of this total indebtedness, there has been funded into what are called premium bonds, about \$8,000,000, drawing five per cent. and payable, both principle and interest, when—*the wheel says so*.

EVERYBODY PLAYS IT.

Everybody plays something. From the street fakir who shows you (?) how to draw the right

card (next time), from the Rue Royale keno, roul  tte and poker temptations, to the twenty-five cent-daily, and the five-dollar monthly drawings of Generals Beauregard and Early's Louisiana lotteries, we ascend to the quarterly drawings in April, October, January and July, of the lottery of the city fathers, by which drawings, as much of the city's bonded debt is paid (known as premium bonds), as there are funds to apply. These bonds are for twenty dollars each, and draw five per cent. per annum from July 1875; neither principal nor interest is paid until the wheel of fortune says they are entitled to payment; then such bond numbers as are *drawn* from the wheel, are paid, both principal and interest; and in addition, as an inducement for holders of other bonded indebtedness of the city to exchange their bonds for those of this class, prizes aggregating \$50,000 are offered and paid to the holders of the lucky numbers three months afterwards.

The administrator of finance, in his report advocating this method, says: "The City Council, in its efforts to find a solution to this question, has been compelled to abandon the ordinary forms of finance as unequal to the occasion, and to seek new and perhaps novel means of meeting the exigency."

The extensive appliances of the credit system

are by no means confined to the city. One may see in brokers' windows, warrants of the Auditor of State, issued in payment of salaries of judges and other court officers; for payment of work upon levees; for services of officers of election, and various other duties performed, which warrants are bought, sold and dealt in as so much merchandise, to be paid when there is money in the treasury to pay with.

The entire State, together with Alabama and Mississippi, are all afflicted with a system of credit which is sapping the very roots of the vegetation which grows. By acts of the legislature, the planter is permitted to give his mortgage-note, covering his personal property and the crop to be raised upon his plantation, to the merchant, in payment for supplies furnished. If the crop is not sufficient to meet the note—which is often the case—the next crop or succeeding crops are covered by it until paid. By this system, hope lends enchantment to the prospect of a fair crop with good prices, and the planter indulges in many imaginary wants which, if money was required to possess them, he would do without. He also permits himself to pay from one to two per cent. a month for the use of the supplies, and a very large profit to the merchant upon the goods, besides. Upon a capital of \$10,000, the merchant

can do a business of \$50,000 a year. He sends these notes to his factors in the cities, who furnish him the funds to draw against as often as his business requires. The planter has no choice of markets—he is tied hands and feet. He grows poorer while the merchant grows richer. Why not plant less cotton and more necessities of life? Because the merchant wants only cotton, rice or sugar; he will not receive a mortgage upon mixed farming—he desires to furnish corn, flour and bacon himself. Georgia has repealed the act. The strong and active competition of cotton factors in the streets of its towns and cities, thronged as they are during the fall months with hundreds of teams loaded with cotton, whose owners are more independent, illustrates forcibly the difference in the condition of the producers.

THE STONE PAVEMENTS

of the city, considering the length of time they have been laid, are excellent. They consist of blocks of granite over a foot square, and quite as thick. They were brought from the New England States in cotton vessels as early as 1850, and constant use has had but little effect upon them. Asphalt pavement is being laid upon St. Charles Avenue, and when completed will be, in connection with the shell road, a favorite outlet for driving.

DRAINAGE.

The system of drainage employed is of great interest to strangers. Standing upon Canal Street at almost any point, and looking towards the levee, the hulls of the river steamboats appear to sit high—above the point of observation, and they do; our observing point is *below* the water level. Along the levee are laid water mains, into which engines located at the head of Celeste Street, and also near the French Market, draw the water from the river, force it into these mains, from which hydrants discharge it into the gutters abutting upon the levee, and the grade being down, the water continues to flood the gutters by a current until it is discharged into canals beyond the business portions of the city, which run at angles to these gutters. When the latter are kept clean, free from obstructions, the drainage is good; but they become often obstructed, particularly where the streets are not paved. When the water level is reached, as at those canals which are the repositories for all sewerage, the accumulation is moved by “draining machines,” of which there are three, having two wheels each; one at Dublin Avenue, one at Bayou St. John, and one at London Avenue. They are the old Dutch paddle wheels, about thirty feet in diameter, with paddles

four feet wide and six feet long. These revolve and *paddle* or push the water into a canal *four* feet *higher* than where the opposite side of the wheel enters the receiving canal, and thus the water is elevated that height to flow *down* to Lake Ponchartrain, a distance of from four to six miles, and receiving but these few feet of fall in that distance. The Canal Street, cars towards Metairie road, run near one of these machines. As before stated, where the streets are paved and the gutters kept free from accumulated rubbish, there is a current in them from the hydrants at the levee to the canals at the west end, but obstructed as they are sometimes allowed to become, the water often gets stagnant. During high water, the Mississippi is often ten or twelve feet above the level of the back part of the city.

Below the Celeste Street and levee pumping station a couple of squares, is located the water-works engines. The reservoir is two squares back of them. The top of the reservoir is about twenty-five feet above the pavement. A stand-pipe about seventy feet high gives pressure enough, together with the engines, to send water from a nozzle about seventy-five feet. Many people take the water at their residences, but for drinking purposes rain water filtered is mostly used, as the infallible

huge, high, round wooden tank at every house plainly shows.

AREA.

Although the maps of the city show a great area of territory extending from Lake Ponchartrain to the river, and from the west line of Carrollton to the lower protection levee, the searcher of locations beyond Greenwood cemetery, Jockey Club grounds and Elysian Fields will find it difficult to trace the surveyor's stakes in the meadows and swamps which abound.

STREETS.

The streets of the city north of Canal have strictly preserved their identity in narrowness, names and ancient architecture. Canal Street was the neutral ground between French New Orleans and the cosmopolitans who inhabited the south side of it. There the business houses and residences are more American, and the further one goes towards the Exposition, residences and grounds become more spacious and shrubbery more abundant.

Frequently the streets have duplicate names, and in numbering there is great irregularity. Nearly all the streets which cross Canal lose their identity on reaching it. St. Charles, south of Canal, becomes Royal on the north; Carondelet becomes

Bourbon ; Baronne, Dauphine ; Dryades, Burgundy, etc.; while on the other hand many a street will course around squares, angles and places and still keep its name, as does Annunciation Street. Upon the subject of streets the *Times-Democrat* says :

There is room for a great deal of improvement on all these points. It would be impossible, we suppose, to get the name of Dumaine Street spelled as it should be, " Maine " Street. The Creole spelling, which has made the preposition a part of the name, is so old now that it would be well nigh impossible to correct it with anything less than a revolution. But why should we continue to misspell it Dryades instead of Dryads, and Prytania instead of Prytanea? And why will the city authorities get it, nine times out of ten, Philip Street?

It was only a few years ago that, by using the adjectives North and South, we were able to distinguish between the two Ramparts and two Claibornes. We have made no similar arrangement to distinguish other duplicates. Who can tell where No. — Union Street is? It may be near Carondelet Street or near Elysian Fields. We have a Josephine up-town and a Josephine down-town, five miles away from each other ; a Villere Street in New Orleans proper and another in Algiers ; a Chestnut Street in the city and another in Carrollton ; and much more of the same sort to create confusion.

But it is in the numbering of its streets that New Orleans has gone mad. In this respect it is the worst city in the world. With nearly five hundred streets only ninety-five, or less than a fifth, are numbered, and only a very small portion of these. These numbers, moreover, are irregular and uncertain, break off at one point, begin two blocks away, break off again and begin again. Two out of three houses in New Orleans bear no distinguishing marks at all. And again we deal in duplicates. Constance Street is numbered up to Calliope, and starts there again from No. 1. There are consequently two Nos. 6 Constance Street, No. 10, No. 16, and so on up.

Peters Street is worse. It begins at Canal and is numbered correctly enough to St. Louis, but here this stops. It begins afresh at Dumaine, going back to No. 1, and so continues to St. Philip, and finally it

starts at Ursulines again at No. 1. There are consequently three Nos. 2 North Peters Street, in addition to a No. 2 South Peters Street, another Peters Street (neither north nor south), a Peters Avenue and a Peter Street (in Algiers). A fine chance this to mislead a stranger.

A native poet has rung out the names of some of the streets in the following lines :

I wandered away from my heart's dear home,
 I roved over land and sea ;
 And back to my home again I come,
 And peace comes back to me.
 I hasten along from the Esplanade
 And impatient wend my way,
 And reach Canal Street—stop and gaze
 At the Bronze of Henry Clay.

I jump in a white car—start for home,
 And we're rushing along Baronne,
 Until we reached Tivoli's ring—
 I am all in the car alone,
 Till it stops—and a sweet-faced little maid
 Gets on—and I pass her fare,
 While the sunshine gleams like a liquid beam
 On her shimmering golden hair.

We make the turn, and I sudden look
 At the mythological names,
 And I read Calliope—through my brain
 An inspiration flames.
 I rave, "Calliope, blest be Thou,
 Thou mother of Orpheus, send
 Or come to me and direct my pen ;
 Thy genius, Goddess, lend."

Next Clio! Hist'ry's Muse, and then
 Erato—Sweet lyric Muse,
 Thou Jupiter's child—oh bless me too,
 Thou sure wilt not refuse ;

And merry Thalia, lend Thy smile ;
 Melpomene, sound Thy lyre—
 I think of Thee, I am charged the while.
 When Thou speakest my soul's on fire.

Terpsichore—Dance ! let Thy Grace be seen,
 That my heart may dance with Thee.
 Euterpe, play on Thy soulful Flute,
 Polymnia—a hymn for me.
 And—here's Felicity, Heaven itself,
 What more is yet to win?
 The goddesses gone, on earth again,
 And TO-DAY must again begin.

St. Andrew comes, and a peaceful calm,
 And I turn to the little maid :
 " Will you tell me the name of the next street, Miss?
 Pray do ! never be afraid."
 And she sweetly smiled with a pretty blush,
 Each simple word between,
 " I live on that street, it is named like me,
 And we're both called Josephine !"

" May I get out there ? May I go to your door ?
 May I tell what I thought and saw ? "
 " Oh, no," said she ; " but you might, perhaps,
 Call in and see my papa."

* * * * *

I got off the car, forgot each muse,
 Through *couleur de rose*—all's seen ;
 I saw papa, and he blest us both,
 And I'm happy with Josephine.

Canal Street is a great boulevard, and at night one of the best lighted streets in America. A row of electric light poles, not too high, are placed through its centre, while the electric lights from the store fronts are prevented by the wide bal-

conies from throwing their rays above and are concentrated below. Canal Street is about one hundred and twenty feet from curb to curb, and flanked by broad stone sidewalks. It is the objective and starting point for all horse-car lines, and from it one can take the cars for Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington or New York.

Its stores are richly laden with goods, and its windows display choice French importations of dress fabrics, kid gloves and fancy articles. Other windows have tempting exhibits of choice French candies and elegant displays of boned turkey hid in crystal jellies, together with other appetizing dishes of the French restaurant. The signs of the drug stores are: "*Pharmacie Francaise*," or "*Botica Espanola*." Upon the pavements are flower women in attitudes like those of ancient Rome, surrounded with huge boquets of roses and chrysanthemums, in combinations peculiar to New Orleans. Here sits the old turbaned negress, brushing with peacock feathers the flies that gather over her sweetmeats while she laughingly mutters French at the fezed Turk as he passes by in his flowing robes.

Richly attired ladies and children meet nimble Chinese; Boston and New York young men; copper colored Choctaws; black-eyed Creoles with fine forms and well fitting costumes; Spanish

Creoles in mourning, whole families, the children in deepest black with the whitest of stockings; bronzed Mexican greasers, with dull eyes, few hairs upon their chins, and covered with the queer sombrero; Mexican military officers wearing eye glasses; Mexican soldiers with ill fitting garments; British sailors in slouchy corduroys; French sailors better dressed; Mississippi stevedores with cotton-hooks hanging from their belts; the black plantation hand with bulging eye-balls and clothes shining with cane juice. All these may be seen any pleasant day; but Canal Street is broad, broad enough for all this queer conglomerate medley of people of such diverse individualities.

During the carnival season, the store fronts above the awnings have tiers of seats from whence thousands of spectators view the processions.

The Clay statue on Canal Street is the centre of gravity for all crowds and open air meetings. Henry Clay stands there with outstretched arm, which, to the angry crowds of labor strikers or excited political gatherings, is a presence of peace and moderation. It is said that a portion of the inscription on the base was partially obliterated during the rebellion; but on the other hand it is denied that any obliteration has taken place other than the action of the elements.

PARKS.

There really are none. The extensive meadow lands, heretofore known as the City Park, are the grounds occupied by the Exposition, and were noted only for a fine group of grand old live oaks loaded with pendant moss—beautiful temptations for many an artist's sketch book. In the north-east end of the city, between Metarie Road and Bayou bridge, another area of ground belonging to the city contains a circular sign "City Park," but it is wholly given up to pasturage of cows and goats, and shooting for sportsmen.

There are some pretty squares or places, the most noted of which is Jackson Square. It was called Place d' Arms until the erection of the equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, when it took his name. It is bounded by St. Peter, St. Ann, Chartres and Decatur streets. The Cathedral faces it, and all the notable gatherings of early days were at this place. The walks, flowers, orange, magnolia, fig and other trees and shrubs are well kept, and roses are found in bloom there almost any month in winter. The general's bronze steed is fiery, and his sword's scabbard hangs with the convex side up; but his wrinkled forehead gives him a determined look, intent upon promulgating the sentence which

Butler caused to be chiseled on the granite base, July 4, 1862: "THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

LAFAYETTE SQUARE,

A short distance above the St. Charles Hotel, and between St. Charles and Camp Streets. It is a very pretty spot and well shaded. In the beginning of May, 1862, on the arrival of Butler's transports, the Twelfth Connecticut Infantry camped in it. Here is a marble statue of Benjamin Franklin, by Hiram Powers. The City Hall, with its old Doric columns, fronts the square. It contains the mayor's and various other municipal offices, together with the city library.

MARGARET'S PLACE

is at the junction of Camp, Prytania and Clio streets. Here is a small plat of ground devoted to walks, fountains and grass. In the centre is a marble statue of Margeret Haugery and a little child. She was an elderly lady of great benevolence, the founder of an orphan asylum, and beloved by all who knew her. It is said this is a perfect likeness of her as she used to sit in front of her little cracker bakery, from whence grew a large business and fortune. She was very fond of children, and none ever went from her empty-handed.

COLISEUM PLACE,

on Coliseum Street, a few squares above. It contains a breathing spot of walks and grass, bordered with shade trees.

LEE PLACE,

The corner of St. Charles and Delord streets. From a large mound in the centre arises a beautiful column of marble as high as that of the monument on Boston Common, surmounted with a bronze statue of General Robert E. Lee. This statue was unveiled in the spring of 1884, and it is a great credit to the city.

CONGO SQUARE,

corner of Orleans and Basin streets. It consists of a park of about five acres. Here in the "good old days" is where the bull fights were held, and "Old Creole days" thus describes a bull fight audience :

"In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheatre, sat the gayly decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métaries* along the ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below, were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese

sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany and Holland. The lower seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too—more's the shame—from the upper rivers, who will not keep their seats, who ply the bottle, and who will get home by-and-by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bats' eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder in that quieter section are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls, and below them are the turbaned black women."

Orleans market and the parish prisons are near Congo Square. The prisons are where General Butler kept a few Confederate prisoners, and are of quaint old-fashioned architecture. They are also in close proximity to the fleet of oyster smacks which can always be found in Old Basin.

THE MARKETS.

There are sixteen markets in the city, the most noted of which is the old French Market.

It extends from St. Ann's to Ursulines streets, and from St. Peter to Decatur. Take the horse-cars from Canal, near the custom-house. Here are gathered together the most conglomerate

medley of productions to the manor born and imported that can be found in these United States. In the "good old days" it was called "*Halle des boucheres*," and to-day these old stalls are presided over by the Gascons, who cut rump steaks at a bit a pound, and chop beef hash for you on the spot, to order. The Gascons rule the meats, while the Dagos—the Sicilians are nick-named Dagos, an appellation as unpleasant to them as "nigger" is to a negro—control the fruits, and the jargon of both, mingled with the language of the Creole, is novel at least to the stranger.

Choctaw squaws with papposes—just as pure Choctaw as when La Salle first appeared here—are squatted outside the buildings, surrounded with a display of curious herbs for sale. Green sweet bay leaves, also dried and powdered, sassafras roots, gumbo for soups, pieces of palmetto roots, for use as scrubbing brushes, together with many herbs of this latitude.

Here in winter may be seen a full assortment of a northern spring market. Here are green peas, string beans, lettuce and young beets. Yams a half a yard long, long strings of garlic, and chickens dressed with the tail feathers left in. At the fruit stalls may be found Michigan apples alongside of muscat grapes from Spain and California, with catawbias from Ohio Bananas,

pomegranates, plantains, oranges, mandarines and limes, alligator pears from Jamaica, and Mexican *pina*.

At the fish stalls we behold great tubs of moving crabs and huge piles of shrimps in agony. Here are jack fish, red fish, reel trout, blue fish, red snapper, flounders, croakers and mullets.

At the flower stalls we encounter huge boquets that would fill a peck measure, but no very great assortment.

In other quarters of the market, dry goods and various wares are kept in queer cramped places with narrow passages, and here and there are departments devoted to small lunch tables which are well patronized. At these tables the famous black coffee of the French Market is dispensed, and may or may not deserve the credit which has been given it. A seat at a table may assist in determining the question. As in all other places in the city, no coin less than a nickel is current.

RESTAURANTS.

The restaurants are so numerous, one can hardly go amiss of them, and several may be tried before an equilibrium is found where all is satisfactory. Men with low incomes, live by thousands at the cheaper restaurants; they will breakfast upon a cup of coffee, with bread and butter, and pay ten

cents for it. Twelve o'clock will find them in a saloon before the lunch tables, being helped to a dish of clam chowder, a slice of roast rump beef, lettuce, radishes, bread and butter, cheese and crackers washed down with a glass of claret, and only ten or fifteen cents to pay. At six o'clock they may perhaps afford a dinner with a glass of wine, which may be had at the cheaper restaurants, for fifty cents. And so they live, deprived of all knowledge of the constituents of a *home*.

In addition to familiar soups you may have offered you: shrimp gumbo, chicken gumbo, crab gumbo or oyster gumbo. Among your entrees may be stewed veal *a la Creole*. In the fish line: tenderloin trout, tarter; sheeps head, green trout, flounders or Spanish mackerel. For game, you may have mallards and teal, snipe, grassit, quail, robins, wild turkey or squirrel. The restaurants of Canal Street are noted by northerners for their "*biscuit glace*," a sort of frozen cream which is delicious. Occasionally a restaurant keeper is noted also for exorbitant charges, and a daily paper has recently been sued by one of them for publishing a statement of such charges.

OYSTERS.

The oysters are mostly from the Gulf, and are sold very reasonably. One may observe a sign

reading as follows: "Oysters from Bayou Cook, both fresh and salt." A paradox meaning the oysters are freshly taken from the water, and that on account of no recent overflow or presence of river water in the oyster beds, they possess the desired flavor. During the fall months they are not salt enough, but as cold weather appears, and the rivers are lessened in volume, the beds become more salt, and the oysters better. *Via* the North Rampart Street cars to Old Basin, the terminus of Carondelet's Canal, which leads to Bayou St. John, through which vessels reach Lake Ponchartrain, one may find a fleet of oyster smacks, manned by as utterly an un-American class of skippers as one would find in Sicily. No English is spoken. Spaniards, Italians and a few Creoles are here grouped upon the wharves, waiting to dispose of their cargoes of oysters from Cat Island, where Bienville first landed; from Ship Island, where General Butler first landed and subsequently sent his Confederate prisoners; from Bayou St. Peter and neighboring bayous, at prices fluctuating from seventy-five cents a bushel to seventy-five cents a barrel, depending upon the weather for fishing, and the demand.

SALOONS.

New Orleans is not behind its sister cities in its

drinking saloons. The business men who do not frequent them are in the minority. Their *menu* of drinks are composed of all the well known solids together with the ornamental, in the shape of spoon cocktails, nectarine, claret punches, seltzer from-the-syphon, apolinaris water (with the privilege), and Santa Cruz rum.

A custom obtains here of advertising real estate sales, instead of theatres, in the saloons. In the more prominent places, like that of the St. Charles or the Produce Exchange, large colored plats of properties for sale are suspended upon racks and regularly renewed.

SUBURBAN PLACES.

CARROLLTON

is five miles from Canal Street and one mile beyond the Exposition grounds. Take the horse-cars, corner Canal and Baronne. The last two miles of the distance is accomplished by the queerest looking dummy engines in America. They appear like cigar stubs on wheels. On visiting Carrollton one has an opportunity of seeing with the eye what is so often discussed, the relative position of the Mississippi to New Or-

leans. Standing upon the levee here and looking down upon the spot where you stepped from the horse-car, and then cast your eye upon the river, at an ordinary stage of water, the river seems the highest. One can readily see that with high water at Carrollton, in the neighborhood of the newly made levee, it would not require much pressure to burst through, and, with rapidly increasing volume, flood the city.

From the spot where you are now standing it is four and a half miles in a direct line to the levee at the head of Canal Street, while to follow the bank around the crescent it is *ten* miles, so that including the distance to the United States Barracks, three miles below Canal, the city has a fairly active river frontage of thirteen miles.

A daily paper recently contained the following editorial :

THE CARROLLTON LEVEE.

The work on the new levee in Carrollton is, with the number of laborers now employed, rapidly progressing, and should the weather continue favorable the contractor will complete the entire line in a much shorter time than was anticipated.

When it is considered that last year during the high water season the city was constantly threatened with overflow from that direction, and that it was only by constant work and increasing watchfulness that the old levee was held, the caves repaired and a catastrophe averted, that the importance of the new embankment in the course of construction can be understood. For many years past, the Carrollton Levee, where in high water the current impinges against the banks with all its terrible force, has been in a dangerous condition, and the entire attention

of the authorities constantly directed on that point. Its condition was such that the engineers have expressed it as their opinion that it could not stand another pressure such as the one that by constant labor and at great cost it stood last year. The safety of the city depended upon a perfect protection from that point, and immediate steps for future protection were imperative. In consequence the Council, feeling that further delay might be the cause of a disastrous overflow next season, decided upon the present location for the new levee which is being constructed, and expropriated the property on the line, paying the owners the assessment value on their houses, which offer met with no opposition. With this levee of the dimensions fixed by the city surveyor, which is being rapidly pushed forward, the river will find at this dangerous point a strong barrier against its waters, and the citizens of New Orleans be relieved of all further apprehension of danger from that section.

New Orleans guide books have given extravagant mention to

CARROLLTON GARDENS

to the disappointment of many strangers. It is simply a square of four acres of land, with shrubbery, flowers, dancing pavilion and restaurant, close to the railroad terminus. There are other private residences in the same locality with grounds quite as extensive and better kept.

The route there gives one a knowledge of a typical choice resident street of the city—St. Charles Avenue, which is being paved, and at the upper end has a shell road to Carrollton. Northerners will observe with curiosity that the door bells to residences are at the outer iron gates which are kept locked.

JOCKEY CLUB HOUSE

and grounds, Esplanade Street, near Bayou St. John bridge. Take the Bayou Bridge and Esplanade cars at the car starter's station on Canal Street, near the custom-house. Thence down Peters and Decatur streets, near the extensive sugar sheds and rice houses, on past the French Market, with its odors of fruit, flowers, crabs and garlic. We are now on the edge of the old French quarter, and in passing the quaint, narrow streets of Conti, St. Louis, Toulouse, St. Peter, St. Ann, Chartres and many others, to Northern eyes interest and curiosity is awakened. We here pass Jackson Square, with its fine view of St. Louis Cathedral and its venerable companions, the old Spanish cabildo buildings. The route soon turns upon Esplanade Street at the corner, where stands the United States mint. Outwardly, in appearance, it looks as if an appropriation would not be amiss.

Esplanade is a superior type of the city's residence streets. For nearly two miles shade trees border closely the horse-car lines on the elevated street centres, where there is no driving, while either side of the tracks is paved for that purpose. A good class of residences of the usual two balcony fronts, or a veranda with each story, border the street, while here and there are residences

with more extensive grounds, with orange trees, large oleanders and native shrubs. Along this thoroughfare, an opportunity here and there is had of observing a wide ditch or canal at angles with it. We soon reach Bayou Bridge, with the black waters of Bayou St. John slightly moving with the tide. Moored to the shores are numerous yachts and row boats. It is three miles to Lake Ponchartrain and Spanish Fort. Green trout, perch and mullet are caught in its waters, and the mullet keep the surface lively with their frolickings. Near at hand is St. Louis Cemetery, No. 3, and adjoining it the Jockey Club grounds. The house is elegantly fitted up in all its appointments. The grounds are filled with luxuriant foliage nearly hiding the building from view. It has, as a club house and grounds, a national reputation. Permission to enter must be obtained from Mr. G. W. Nott, secretary, 104 Canal Street.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

at Chalmette is so unlike the other cemeteries of the city, which are described elsewhere, it is deemed best to class it separately. It is situated at Jackson's battle ground, and can be reached by horse-cars as far as the United States Barracks, from whence it is necessary to walk a mile. Take

the Barracks cars from Canal to Magazine and out along the levee with various turns past the Ursulines Convent and United States Barracks, where are stationed a detachment of infantry and artillery. The cemetery contains about fourteen acres, in which are buried twelve thousand five hundred Federal soldiers, its centre adorned by a handsome monument. Nearly every State in the Union is represented here by its dead. The extraordinary care with which the grounds, flowers and shrubbery are kept reflect great credit upon the labors of the three men there employed. There is a good landing here, it being immediately upon the river bank, to which boats may be run during the Exposition. The Shell Beach railroad from Elysian Fields and St. Claude Street also carry passengers to the rear of the cemetery, with far less walking than by the horse cars. See time table in this book.

WEST END.

For this point steam cars leave the corner of Canal and Carondelet streets every half hour. It is situated upon Lake Ponchartrain, six miles distant. A shell road also leads to it. Across the placid sheet of water no land is in sight. A casino, music stand, bathing houses and the usual appurtenances to a summer resort, together with yachts, row-boats and boat club-houses, are at hand. A

fine shell road tempts horseback and carriage riding. Along the beach the walks are bordered with fragrant violets, and roses bloom all the year. During the summer open air concerts and theatrical performances are given.

SPANISH FORT

situated on Lake Ponchartrain, seven miles distant. Steam cars start from Canal, corner of Basin, fare fifteen cents for the round trip. The old fort proper, is a raised earth work about eight feet high, and faced with a brick wall. It is nearly square. The remains of its armament consist of two ancient cannon half buried in the earth. Upon the earthwork is a large building in use as a restaurant. Along the lake front piles are driven, upon which the Casino, a large building used for purposes of amusement, is built. Restaurants abound, together with flowers and shrubs. A small enclosure contains a few large alligators.

MILNEBURG,

on Lake Ponchartrain, east of Spanish Fort. It is the terminus of the Ponchartrain railroad and is a resort similar to West End, but has not such extensive improvements.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Of these, the

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

on Canal, near corner Dauphine, is the most prominent. In this building the most noted engagements are made. It has a seating capacity of eighteen hundred.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE,

No. 102 St. Charles Street, is also a leading theatre, and has a seating capacity of three thousand.

The Academy of Music 90 and 92 St. Charles Street, is another under the same management as the St. Charles. It seats twenty-two hundred.

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE,

an immense pile at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets. It was built in 1849. In its architecture, it is entirely void of curves, and composed of squares and angles piled up against each other like a huge cathedral that required centuries to build. It is quite in keeping with the quaint Franco-Spanish edifices around it, but a giant among them. It is the home of French opera in New Orleans, and which, to inaugurate each season, a large subscription list is necessary. The following is a list for the season of 1884-85:

Exposition Season commencing February 2, and ending May 31, 1885.

SCALE OF PRICES.

Subscription.—120 performances in the season.

PARQUET AND PREMIERES SEATS.

For all nights (120) in the season.....	\$120 00
For any four days in every week.....	68 00
For any three days in every week.....	51 00
For any two days in every week.....	34 00
For every Sunday (18) in the season....	18 00

BOXES PREMIERES AND GRILLEES.

For any four days in every week.....	\$272 00
For any three days in every week.....	204 00
*For any two days in every week.....	136 00
For every Sunday (18) in the season....	72 00

PARQUET BOXES—SIDE.

For any four days in every week....	\$340 00
For any three days in every week....	255 00
For any two days in every week.....	170 00
For every Sunday in the season.....	90 00

PROSCENIUM BOXES.

For any four days in every week.....	\$408 00
For any three days in every week.....	306 00
For any two day in every week.....	204 00
For every Sunday in the season.....	108 00

FARANTI'S THEATRE.

Corner Bourbon and Orleans. A large corrugated iron structure amidst types of architecture of the old Spanish days. It is a novelty which draws largely from the dime museums, ten cents being the price of admission. It will hold nearly four thousand people. It has a parquet seating a

thousand, which can be turned into a ring for circus performances. The parquet has tiers of seats encircling it, and to occupy one and listen to the conversation going on is to bring at once Cable's 'Old Creole Days' dialect before you in all its native purity. You are in the midst of Creole *patois*, neither French nor Spanish accent but unlike, purely individual and distinct. The theatre has a good stage, where fair performances are given. Mazeppa is often placed here, and to witness it is to remind one of the famous Adah Isaacs Menken, a New Orleans beauty who achieved prominence in eastern cities and in Paris, in this play.

ROBINSON'S DIME MUSEUM.

Canal Street, below St. Charles, what you will find in every city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, the usual dwarf, giant, skeleton, long-haired lady, long haired-man, bearded lady, glass-blower, extraordinary cow and Punch and Judy, supplemented by a stage performance every hour. "Please pass on gentlemen to the theatre below; reserved opera chairs only one dime extra."

GRUNNEWALD HALL,

Baronne Street, seats one thousand, but has no regular engagements.

ROYAL MEXICAN AUTOMATON SHOW,

199 Canal Street. Pictures of Life in Mexico.
Admission ten cents.

BATTLE OF SEDAN,

opposite Magazine Street, entrance to Exposition.
Admission fifty cents.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST EXHIBITION,

at Oakland Park, afternoons only. Admission
fifty cents. Horse-cars from Canal and Carondelet.

LIBRARIES.

New Orleans has three public libraries. The largest, that of the University of Louisiana, on Common Street, near the corner of Dryades, contains just one-tenth as many books as the Boston Public Library, namely: forty thousand, that of Boston having four hundred thousand. This library is open only from nine A. M. to three P. M.

FISK FREE LIBRARY.

This is just around the corner on Dryades Street, from the entrance to the University library. It contains five thousand seven hundred volumes,

and is open from nine A. M. to five P. M. The other is

THE CITY LIBRARY,

located in the city hall, on Lafayette Square. It contains sixteen thousand volumes, and is open from nine A. M. to three P. M. This, as well as both the others, are free to the public. In this respect New Orleans is much better off than Richmond, Virginia, which has no public libraries.

The Young Men's Christian Association also have their library at their rooms, Nos. 13 and 15 Camp Street.

PROMINENT BUILDINGS.

THE UNITED STATES CUSTOM-HOUSE

stands first and last of the large structures of the city. It fills the square bounded by Canal, Custom House, Decatur and Peters streets. It is built of Maine granite, and is a monument of the old style of architecture in government buildings of the past. On the ground floor is situated the post-office; on the first floor above is the large hall around which are arranged the desks of the government clerks. In this room, over the door of the east entrance, is a bas relief of Bienville,

the founder of New Orleans, his Spanish costume in great contrast to that of Andrew Jackson along side, in his high collared coat of 1815. The offices of the United States government officials are on the same floor. From the roof an excellent view is obtained of the city and river.

UNITED STATES MINT.

Corner of Esplanade and Peters Street. It is apparently much larger than the mint at Philadelphia. In front of this building, Wm. B. Mumford was hung, June 7, 1862, for taking down from the flag staff on the mint the United States flag which Farragut had caused to be placed there.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

This was built in 1838 at a cost of \$600,000. It was burned in 1850 and restored in '52 and '53. From the time of its erection to the present, it has been the rendezvous for all important discussions, and the abode of all of our noted men when visiting here. When Benjamin F. Butler arrived in New Orleans it was closed, but he ordered it to be opened for the accommodation of himself and staff. In it were brought before him the mayor and Common Council in arrest, and before him Senator Pierre Soulé defended them. Its massive granite columns—as large or larger

than those of the sub-treasury in Wall Street—supporting its substantial cornice, make a facade which modern architecture does not improve upon.

Wm. Howard Russell, better known during war times as “Bull Run Russell,” thus wrote of the St. Charles, in his letter to the London *Times*, May 24, 1861 :

In the course of the day, I went to the St. Charles Hotel, which is an enormous establishment, of the American type, with a southern character about it. A number of gentlemen were seated in the hall, and in front of the office, with their legs up against the wall, and on the backs of chairs, smoking, spitting, and reading the papers. Officers crowded the bar. The bustle and noise of the place would make it anything but an agreeable residence for one fond of quiet ; but this hotel is famous for its difficulties. Not the least disgraceful among them, was the assault committed by some of Walker’s, filibusters upon Captain Aldham of the Royal Navy.

HOTEL ROYAL

until recently known as the Hotel St. Louis. The following is a recent description of it by the *Times Democrat* :

The period from 1833 to 1837 marked one of the most important building eras in the history of New Orleans. Banks, theatres, hotels, markets, cotton presses and commercial edifices were rapidly erected, costing four million five hundred thousand dollars, at which time the population did not exceed one hundred thousand, mainly in developing the portions lying between Poydras, Canal, St. Charles Street and the river. But the more thickly-settled portion lying below Canal Street, likewise, was being beautified by the erection of magnificent civil and public edifices, the most conspicuous of which was

that which is now called Hotel Royal, then known as the City Exchange. This imposing structure was planned and erected by the architect, M. J. N. DePouilly. The money was supplied by the Improvement Bank, which was organized for the purpose of erecting handsome buildings. Its president was the Hon. Pierre Soulé, and its domicile is yet to be seen in that relic of ancient glory now standing on Toulouse Street, between Royal and Chartres. It was the original intention of this company*to cover this square with elegant buildings

The St. Louis Hotel extended three hundred feet, the entire length of the block on St. Louis Street, and one hundred and twenty feet each on Royal and Chartres streets. Its architecture is a composite of Tuscan and Doric. Its principal entrance, opposite Exchange alley, is ornamented with six marble columns. Originally, there was a vestibule of one hundred and twenty-seven by forty feet, which was the rendezvous for the public at large, and from this entrance was gained to the magnificent rotunda, whose lofty dome admitted the light through rich stained glass. Beneath the glass on the side of the dome were, and are still, paneled with frescoe paintings penciled with marvels of skill by the celebrated Italian painters, Canova and Pinoli. These paintings have been the admiration of thousands of visitors, and today are as beautiful as when first executed. This rotunda was the business centre of this city for many years.

Here merchants assembled on High Change from one to three P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). And on Saturdays seven or eight French, Spanish, Italian and English auctioneers were to be heard offering real estate, stocks and bonds, and gang after gang of negroes. Here also assembled the seconds in the *affaires de honore*, prior to accompanying their principals to the dueling grounds, which events were then of frequent occurrence.

The Royal Street entrance is provided with one of the grandest stairways of any southern edifice, and affords an easy ascent from the marble pavement to the last upper floor.

This building was badly damaged by fire in 1840, but with commendable energy its originators reconstructed it, increasing its magnificence. Its upper floors were divided into large ball-rooms, parlors and dining rooms, besides commodious apartments for guests. These witnessed some of the most eventful scenes in the ante bellum days of

this city. On January 8, 1840, General Jackson was received in the banquet hall by the committee of the Democratic party, who had provided here elegant suites of rooms for his accommodation. Thither, hour after hour, thousands of citizens came to pay their greetings to their esteemed General.

In the winter of 1842 the Hon. Henry Clay was also handsomely entertained here, in whose honor was given a ball, which was attended by the *elite* of the city, and it is said the costumes of the ladies on that occasion were the most magnificent that had ever appeared in this city. A subscription banquet, costing twenty thousand dollars, was also arranged in the grand dining hall in honor of Mr. Clay.

In 1844 the Hon. Martin Van Buren held a grand reception in the dining hall of this noted building. There being no gas in these early days, the various apartments were lighted with wax candles placed in large crystal chandeliers and candelabras. This building continued to be used by various persons as a hotel, until it was forced to close for want of patronage during the war.

After the surrender it was re-opened for a short time and again closed, and finally the ownership was vested in the State and used for a State House. Its grand rotunda, which had previously been floored over, was now used as a Senate Chamber, and the former dining hall as the House of Representatives.

On removal of the capital to Baton Rouge it was deserted and rapidly deteriorated for want of care. During the last Legislature, Messrs. Rivers & Bartell, the enterprising proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel, obtained a fifteen years' lease of the property.

These gentlemen thoroughly refitted, furnished and opened it with a grand ball in November, 1884. This and the St. Charles are the leading hotels in the city. Their terms are from four dollars a day upwards.

THE CITY HALL,

corner St. Charles and Lafayette, and fronting Lafayette Square, also supports some handsome Grecian-Doric columns. In it are the offices of the mayor and other municipal officers.

NEW MASONIC HALL,

on St. Charles, above Lee Place. It has a frontage of one hundred and forty-seven feet by ninety-two deep, with two wings eighty-four feet deep. The Old Masonic Hall is on St. Charles, opposite Commercial Place.

TULANE HALL

is located on the east side of Dryades Street, between Canal and Common. It is now occupied by the academical department of the University of Louisiana and the Fisk Library.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY ARMORY,

on St. Charles, between Julia and Girod. It belongs to the Washington Artillery, and in it, during the carnival season, the receptions are given.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

Lafayette Park. The lower floor is occupied by that ancient military company, the Continental Guards. Near it are

COURT BUILDINGS,

in which are located the Parish Criminal Court and various parish offices.

PICKWICK CLUB-HOUSE,

corner Canal and Carondelet streets. This is the most imposing of modern structures in the city. Its beautiful turretted corner and richly stained oriel windows are in great contrast to its surroundings. Its large and elegant entrance is on Carondelet Street, which Cable has introduced to so many readers as containing Dr. Sevier's office, No. 3½. An humble insurance company now occupies it, at whose desks none know of the doctor. The Illinois Central R. R. offices occupy the Canal Street front, and are handsomely fitted up.

Just above the Pickwick, on Canal, is the Louisiana Club-House, and near it, and above, is the Boston Club-House, a fine old-style structure, No. 148.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE,

corner of Carondelet and Gravier, a building having a larger front than that of the New York Stock Exchange, but not as large an interior. It has a beautifully decorated exchange room, and a life which the Produce and other exchanges have not, from the larger attendance and volume of business done. It has a membership of about six hundred, but seldom has an excited market, the fluctuations in cotton being so slight, therefore the crowd doing business there seems small com-

pared with the grain, oil and stock exchanges of New York and Chicago. The brokers' cry of "I'll give four for one June," means for futures, that he will give—say cotton is between ten and eleven cents—ten and four one hundredths of a cent for one hundred bales, the smallest amount dealt in. If spot cotton, the fractions are one sixteenth of a cent a pound. Thousand bale lots are the usual quantities recorded. With the elevator one may go to the roof, from which a good view of the city may be had. There are numerous other exchanges detailed in this book, the next most prominent being the

PRODUCE EXCHANGE,

which occupies new quarters on Banks' Arcade. It can also be entered at 44 Magazine Street. It is very quiet here. There are samples of grain and grocers' goods upon the tables, but the business is done in a very leisurely manner.

THE MEXICAN EXCHANGE

occupies the quarters 124 Common Street, and is organized for the purpose of fostering trade with Mexican, Central and South American ports. A great amount of the business which might properly be done at the exchanges, is transacted at the clubs, of which there are a dozen in good

standing, of which the Commercial, Pickwick, Boston, Louisiana and Jockey Clubs are the most prominent.

NEWSPAPERS.

The *Times-Democrat*, No 58 Camp Street, owned principally by Director-General E. A. Burke, and *The Picayune*, No. 66 Camp Street, owned by Mrs. Nicholson, take the lead as English morning papers, both having the press dispatches.

The Daily States, 90 Camp Street; *The Daily City Item*, 39 Natchez Street; *The Evening Chronicle*, 23 Bank Place, and *The Commercial Bulletin*, 54 Magazine Street, occupy the field fully as to numbers. Of these *The States* is the only one having the press dispatches. *The Bulletin* is partially owned by W. B. Merchant, the postmaster.

The *L'Abeille*, 73 Chartres Street, is the French daily, and has a large circulation, as well as the *Deutsche-Zeitung*, 108 Camp Street.

There are also the following weeklies:

The *Mascot* (illustrated), 68 Camp Street; *Louisiana Sugar Bowl*, no. 6 Camp Street. This is devoted to the interest of planters.

Le Propagateur Catholique, corner Orleans and Royal streets.

Morning Star (Catholic), 116 Poydras street.

Algiers Advertiser, Villere, between Lavigne and Bartholemew streets.

The Christian Advocate, 112 Camp Street.

Southwestern Christian Advocate, 32 Natchez Street.

Southwestern Presbyterian, 94 Camp Street.

American Lumberman, 188 Gravier Street.

Also the following publications:

Der Kinder Freund (bi-weekly), 112 Camp Street.

Medical and Surgical Journal (monthly), 19 Baronne Street.

Workman, 34 Magazine Street.

Evangelisch Lutherische Blatter, 5 Old Magazine Street.

Gretna Courer, Gretna.

THE CEMETERIES.

It will not do to omit the cemeteries, they are so unlike all other cemeteries of the country. They are simply streets of tombs from ten to fifteen feet high and five to ten feet in width. All are scrupulously white, whether made of brick and covered with cement and whitewashed, or of marble. Water being so near the surface, no bodies are placed beneath it, but all above.

In addition to family tombs there are tenament blocks of tombs, four tiers or stories high, each

space receiving one casket, each block containing fifty or more caskets, and numbered as houses are numbered.

In many of the cemeteries the inscriptions upon tombs are almost exclusively in French, and sentences similar to the following meet the eye at every turn: "*A mon cher epoux,*" "*Dieu seul connait mes regrets,*" "*A notre pere.*" Here and there may be seen the names of loved children in groups belonging to one family, as :

LOUIS,
PHILIP,
EDOUARD,
ALPHONSE,
VIRGINIA.

About these names and inscriptions are suspended all manner of designs of flower pieces made of beads, like hair-work, in purple, black or white, together with metallic wreaths of flowers, which to touch may alarm a small bright green or brown lizard, and cause it to start from its hiding place beneath, and display its proportions upon the white marble. Newly made tombs are for sale, as a card announces: "*Tombe a vendre s'adresser au gardien du Cimetiere St. Louis.*"

In October last, a card at one of the entrances contained the following translation of the original in French above it:

"Any persons that Wish to have there tooms

Repare Fore Saint Day, Will please address to the Sexton."

A wag has said that the song: "See that my grave is kept green," does not apply to New Orleans; but rather: see that my grave is kept white-washed. When an interment takes place in a tenement tomb, the mourners in carriages linger while the casket is placed in the tomb, and until the mason with trowel, mortar and brick, quickly places a wall between it and the outer world, and fastens with cement and screws the marble slab that covers it.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

To see the cemeteries of New Orleans at their best, is to visit them on All Saints' Day, November first. Early in the morning of that day the flower stalls of the various markets are laden with all sorts of made up flower-pieces and bouquets. Ladies, children and servants are hurrying through the streets, laden with huge bouquets of dahlies, chrysanthemums, white daisies and immortelles, full blush and crimson roses, wreaths of green and purple artificial flowers, so real as to deceive the ordinary observer; wreaths of mourning, and bead work of every conceivable design. Laden with these, the crowds wend their way to the cemeteries. It is a legal holiday At

noon the post office and custom-house close their offices. The wholesale houses and general merchants close their doors. The drayman turns the ears of his mules homeward with his right hand, while his left carefully holds a huge bouquet for the adornment of the graves of his dear departed.

In the morning of that day, after high mass at the cathedral, the clergy march in procession to the cemeteries belonging to it and sing the Libera. Long before that hour the grounds are thronged with ladies, children and servants, all busy workers in adorning the houses of the dead. Servants are scouring and polishing the marble; ladies are directing and arranging the disposition of the flowers, richly dressed children are darting here and there with merry voices. The long rows of straight whitewashed trunks of magnolia trees, stand like so many Corinthian pillars, supporting the canopy of green waxy foliage, and roofing completely the white shelled roads beneath, where, moving in dignified procession, are beautiful and stately mothers, followed by their children, and these by neatly dressed servants, holding aloft exquisite floral offerings for the sacred shrines.

Fresh white sand is sprinkled over earth where the grass has not arisen, and from it protrudes fresh pots of flowers. In the streets of tenement

tombs, groups of people are industriously working, cleaning, polishing and adorning the limited spot of marble each possesses. Against tomb fronts, huge masses of dahlias and immortelles are tastefully piled. Banks of bright green glossy palms are handsomely grouped against the white marble, relieved here and there by baskets of full fragrant roses at the doors of tombs.

On this November day, when throughout the North the leaves of the chestnut, maple, and elm have fallen, and those of the oak are dried and brown; in New England, when the withered grass and leaves are coated with a white frost, and the sharp ice crystals are fringing the edges of the ponds, full blush and crimson roses are here diffusing their fragrance and showering their petals over the borders of the walks.

It is All Saints' Day; a day of days at Prytania Cemetery; a bright holy day and holiday, when children, birds, foliage, and flowers combine to link all that is beautiful on earth with the memory of those we love in heaven.

At noon this labor of love ceases, and during the afternoon the throngs come and go until dark.

Of the small cemeteries, the Prytania or Washington Street Cemetery is one of the best kept. It is not exclusive in its denomination, and contains many aristocratic tombs.

The approaches to the cemeteries are lined with flower, fruit and refreshment stands, and near the gates inside, here and there, seated before a small white table, one will see a pleasant-faced nun receiving in a silver plate, money gifts for some named asylum, as Mt. Carmel Female Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, etc.

St. Louis Cemetery, No. 1, corner St. Louis and Conti streets, is the oldest in the city, and contains the names of many of the early prominent families, such as Claiborne, Mandeville, Marigney, Tanneret, Rosseau, Rocquet, Denis, Garcia. Here are tombs of Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French societies. It is noticeable as being the oldest, but it is very much crowded and not as well kept as many other cemeteries. On All Saints' days artificial muslin and paper flowers prevail here, together with decorations of beads. The air on that day resounds with the rapping of sticks upon the silver plates on the tables to call the visitor's attention to the charity it represents, and is filled with the medley of French, Spanish and Italian voices. Before some tombs candles are burning and postulants kneeling. A few aged negro women, with rosaries in hand, may be heard ejaculating their prayers in French.

The larger portion of the population on All Saints' Day make Greenwood, Metarie Road and

St. Patrick cemeteries—which are all grouped together at Canal and Metarie Road—the objective point. At the canal bridge, near the entrance to Metarie Road Cemetery, the crowd becomes a jam. The Ponchartrain railway carries the people by thousands. The streets approaching the gates are like a Parisian fete day, lined as they are with fruit, flower and refreshment stands, whose vendors are exceedingly demonstrative. A constant line of carriages are crossing and recrossing the bridge over the canal, which leads to Lake Ponchartrain. Two large refreshment houses are near by, and they are thronged with people. Across the road is Greenwood Cemetery, its most noticeable features being its shade and the Confederate monument which is near the entrance. Its streets of tombs are named after the flowers, such as Myrtle Avenue, Violet Avenue, Acacia Avenue, etc., etc. It is well kept. The Metarie is the largest and most modern in the city. Its entrance is but a few rods from that of Greenwood, just across the canal bridge. As you enter, orange-laden trees, bordering its shell-paved entrance-driveway, greet you; to the right is the tomb of the Louisiana Division of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, in which is a tablet to the memory of General Albert Sydney Johnson. His statue is to surmount it, and the statue of a Confederate

soldier is to guard the entrance. To the left is a large public receiving vault. Then follows an avenue of beautiful tombs, from which other avenues diverge over a large space. The tombs are more modern in their construction; the walks and drives of shell pavement are laid in curves, while the others are in angles; it is more spacious, more American. It contains some beautiful works of cemetery architecture and sculpture.

The Washington Artillery have a fine monument, commemorating its battles and names of its dead, with a statue of a Confederate soldier surmounting it. The Louisiana division of the Army of Northern Virginia also have a tomb and shaft, surmounted by a statue of Stonewall Jackson. The head of the statue is covered with a soldier's cap, which does not seem quite appropriate, and it suffers somewhat in comparison with the statue of Jackson in the State House Park in Richmond.

The Knights of Pythias have a handsome enclosure for their dead. The Morris tomb is a granite structure standing in the interior of a *church of ivy*, with circular front windows, side windows and transept. This is very pretty. The frame is of light iron work, but so covered inside and out with ivy as to be hidden from view. Adjoining it stands a beautiful and venerable live oak, whose

immense trunk and moss-laden branches are worthy of observation.

“Remember St. Mary’s Orphan Asylum” said a small placard, last All Saints’ Day, before a white table in front of the large tomb of the Pelican Benevolent Society. Beside the table sat two kind hearted Sisters, flanked by eight little orphan boys, about six years of age. Along came a gentleman with servant carrying baskets.

“Good evening, good Sisters,” said the gentleman, in French, “How are my little boys to-day?” as he droped some silver coin into the plate—sterling silver remembrance of the Orphans of St. Mary’s—and now the Sisters must be hungry, and little Leon, Francois and Philip must be hungry too, and so napkins are spread, and there upon the green grass, the gentleman seated his little group and caused a delicious lunch to be spread, when he sat down and gaily chattered with the Sisters, and helped the little orphan boys to a good square meal and packages of bon-bons for themselves and their playmates at the asylum. There was happiness enough in that group to bring tears to at least one looker on, as it illustrated what inspiration the Day of All Saints may give when rightly spent.

THE LEVEE.

The levee at the head of Canal Street is always full of interest to the visitor. From the stone pavement at the head of the street, up to the plank docks, it is laid with shells. Here may be seen great blocks of cotton bales, each marked by the small various colored flags of the owners or factors; and as the bales are received from the steamboat, are thus checked off by their marks and placed in their proper blocks.

Visit this spot on the arrival of a two thousand ton steamboat like the Bayou Sara. See the crowds of black stevedores on shore, watching the gang-plank to get the eye of the mate for a job. Watch the queer sort of deck or steerage passengers which come ashore. See the stevedores scrutinize them. Here comes a verdant up-river darkey from the cane brake, with eyes bulging out at the scene before him. "Hello dar," from a stevedore spokesman, "whar yer cum frum? whar's you fodder? you'd better git back 'hind der biler, no work fur you here!"

Here comes a poor white nondescript, with dull, leaden countenance, eyes half closed, his rags are stiff with filth and the color of his skin. His baggage consists of an old box, with slats nailed across it, and contains a piece of filthy

sacking. As he passes down the plank, a negro ejaculates: "Good lawd! de snakes all dead war you cum frum?" He takes him for a snake killer—by reason of his box—whose occupation is gone; and so this class of live freight, together with whole families of negroes and little pickaninnies, are discharged.

The cabin passengers are taken away, and a long line of trucks are started to move six thousand or more bales of the great staple. The levee is strewn with fragments of cotton and cotton seed. The view from the deck of the steamboat gives one an idea of the Father of Waters a hundred miles from its mouth. It is, at this point, from a hundred to two hundred and eight feet deep. Across on the opposite shore is the town of Algiers, with a population of ten thousand, to which ferry boats are plying. Walk a short distance down this levee and see the acres of casks of sugar, molasses and rice, labelled with the names of the plantations from whence they came, and as you walk upon the plank pavement the grains of sugar, grate upon the ear like sand. See the huge piles of merchandise on the levee to be sent to the plantations in return payment.

THE WHARVES.

No stranger should visit New Orleans without

acquainting himself partially with the extent of the direct traffic with foreign countries.

Take a Tchoupitoulas horse-car as far as Sixth Street and walk down the river along the wharves, where may be encountered a greater variety of marine architecture than any city in our land—save New York. In addition to the Atlantic coast vessels, among which Boston and New York are largely represented, together with those of South American ports, may be seen black, rakish iron hulls, some of them drawing twenty-five feet of water, from Liverpool, Leith, Bath, Aberdeen, Glasgow, New Castle, London, Havre, Bremen, Hamburg, all busily loading with cotton, (during the autumn months when the cotton shipment is at its height) oil-meal, rice, sugar, molasses and staves. Here are vessels from Central and South America and the West Indies, with whole cargoes of fruit, and sometimes these cargoes are shipped entire to Chicago in the same cars of the Illinois Central Railroad which brought from that city grain, soap, starch and the yellow canvass hams of Mr. Armour, together with car loads of full, round, hard cabbages from the fields of Illinois. To walk the length of these wharves amidst acres and acres of compressed cotton bales on the one hand, and a river lined with masts upon the other, with flags of

many nations floating among the rigging; to listen to the medley of Yorkshire and Gaelic, French, Italian, German and Spanish among the crews and the striking of the bells; to see the clear cut stems and rounded iron sterns of the Clyde built steamers; and the old fashioned square sterns and elaborate figure heads of some of the old New England or Boston luggers; to snuff the air laden with odors of rosin, tarred rope and ship's smells; to be among all this is a novelty to a landsman from the interior, and full of interest.

The time is approaching when instead of ballast, these foreign vessels are coming better laden with imports to be distributed from New Orleans, more thoroughly over the New South.

COTTON PRESSES.

A large tract of territory reached by the Tchoupitoulas horse-cars and in the vicinity of the foreign wharves, is devoted to immense brick storehouses, each with its huge press that receives a bale of cotton as it comes from the plantation and river steamboats, and with one *breath* of the powerful engines reduces its size to one-third its original bulk, when its ties are quickly re-adjusted and it goes to the iron hulks of Liverpool and elsewhere near at hand.

THE ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL

fronts Jackson Square. Bienville located its site, also that of the presbytery. It was called the Church of St. Ignatius in 1720. A tornado swept the town subsequently and destroyed the building with many others. In 1725 a brick church was erected, which was destroyed by the great fire of 1788. In 1794 Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas built the present cathedral, also the buildings now standing upon each side of it, the latter under a contract with the Spanish government. The one on the right was used for the sessions of the cabildo, and that on the left for a presbytery. In 1850 the tower of the cathedral fell, injuring the walls, at which time it was altered and enlarged.

Don Almonaster died in 1798. His tomb is in the cathedral, in front of the Altar of the Sacred Heart, where can be seen his coat of arms and the following inscription :

A pesar de todos

Venceremos á los Godos.

“In spite of all

We will conquer the Goths.”

Beneath the marble in front of the Altar of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and opposite the spot where lies the body of Almonaster, lie also the re-

mains of three ancient cavaliers, one the founder of the old families of Marigney and Mandeville. The old buildings flanking the cathedral are very interesting ; their arches, courts and old Moorish walls almost speak Spanish to the observer. The roofs are French additions, but the walls and interiors are as occupied by the Spaniards. They are now occupied, the one on the right, where the sessions of the cabildo were held, by the Supreme Court, and contains as before stated, the portrait of the late Judah P. Benjamin, General Grimes, and busts of Senator Pierre Soulé and Chief Justice Marshall. The other building is occupied by the sheriff and Civil District Court. In the dark recesses of these Moorish arches, on a late visit, was found an article of the same identity as that found by a traveller last year at Arethusa's Fount on the island of Cyprus—a Standard Oil Company's tin can.

Almonaster left a daughter, the Baroness Pontalba, who inherited the land on St. Peter and St. Ann streets, facing the square, and which Count O'Reilley granted to the town in the king's name. She died in Paris, in 1874, leaving three sons.

Every Saturday evening masses are offered for the repose of the soul of Don Andres Almonaster-y-Roxas, and at sunset of that day the tolling bell recalls his memory.

THE PARROCCHIA ITALIANA,

a queer old church, formerly used by the Jesuits, is situated at the corner of Conti and Rampart streets, and is worth a visit.

THE RUE ROYALE.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank ; across the way, crouching mendicant like in the shadow of a great importing house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely-pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter, groaning and sighing towards Paris after its neglectful master.—*Posson Jone.*

That was sixty years ago.

NOW.

It is night, in October days, and the Rue Royale is brilliant with all the appliances of the Brush system of electric lighting. The narrow sidewalks are filled with moving figures of men of all clases, attracted hither like the moths around the brilliant Boulton carbons. From a long distance up the street, led by a band of music, comes with rapid tread over the pavement of broad stones, a procession of a hundred or more members of some

society or club. The air is resonant with music and human voices, a medley unaccompanied by the roar of wheels. Occasionally an open barouche appears, with a lady or two, with bare heads, and lace shawls, accompanied by an escort; apparently observers of the scene. As the varnished doors of restaurants, saloons, gaming houses and concert halls, swing upon their hinges, there are breathings outward of volumes of discordant sounds of human voices, mingled with the clashing of glasses and orchestral music. As these are passed, from the open windows of the stories above, are heard the shrill tones of the checking clerks, calling: "*one sixty-seven,*" "*one eighty-four,*" "*twenty-one,*" "*seventy-eight,*" in quick, clear succession. That is keno!

On we go, passing the tall Doric columns of the old Union Bank with its classic facade; encountering huge piles of oysters banked up against the walls of entrances to restaurants; again varnished doors swing to and fro, and broken volumes of uncultivated soprano voices, essaying solos, belch forth upon the summer air, while timid crowds of men stand upon the curbstones to catch a glimpse of female limbs draped in gauze of pink or blue; men who have no money to spend inside, or whose consciences are not yet toughened. But as the orchestral music is thrown

out upon the pleasant air, the wonder worshipper is naturally drawn inside, perhaps to his sorrow, or perhaps with the satisfaction of a better knowledge of how some parts of the world move. He is in one of the Tivolis or concert halls of the street, where, arrayed in scant garments, but gorgeous in combinations of color, are young and middle aged; youthful and fresh, together with wearied and worn, whited sepulcheres; watching among the throng which enter, those whom their judgment dictates have money to spend or throw away upon them in remuneration for a display of their utter unconsciousness of virtue.

The music keeps pace with peals of laughter; glasses clink. Old roues jest and pat the cheeks of young girls; young and inexperienced youths sit at the tables sipping wine, conscious of their very basfulness or out-of-place modesty. A policeman occasionally enters and looks passively on as the night passes.

The female habitues of these palaces are not always natives. The north is drawn upon from New York to Chicago, and from whence representatives may be found. But let us leave these halls of "wine, women and song;" let us go up some of these brass-mounted stairways from whence come the cries of: "O-n-e s-e-v-e-n-t-y s-i-x," "t-h-i-r-t-y f-o-u r;" let us visit

"THE SENATE,"

a large elegantly appointed room like an exchange. But the brokers, the bulls and bears, they do not stand upon their feet; they sit down. Neither do they shout. They are all silent—a hundred or more—silently gazing upon the small boards upon the tables beneath their eyes, while each index finger moves the button upon the spot covered by the figures as they are lustily called out (and which we heard upon the street below so often) by the one who sits upon the throne in the speaker's chair of this "senate," and swings his satanic majesty's censor, better known as the "goose," and at each swinging he presses upon a spring and out drops the ball upon which is the number called. Here in this large room filled with tables sit the devotees, while conversation is hushed. Occasionally a rap is heard upon a table; an attendant appears, notes the number of the board, and calls "Keno!" The man who gave the rap has won. The other ninety and nine have lost.

Is it *very* different *outside*? In any or all the bucket shops, stock, grain or oil exchanges of the land? Is not the principle more quickly and better illustrated herein?

Large squares of combinations of figures hang

upon the walls, while the ever changing figures of the keno register move as automatically as those of the members' numbers at the New York Stock Exchange.

In large alcoves with arched ceilings are suspended neat gilt sign-boards with: "Rouge et noir" here, "Roulette" there, at that end, "Grand Hazard" here, "Twenty-one" there, beneath which are the tables indicated by the sign-boards, and each surrounded by a group of men actively staking their ivory chips—men of all classes, young and old, richly dressed and some even barefooted, all anxious to receive their portion of fortune's bestowals.

Other gilt signs upon the walls inform us that:

"This game is open day and night."

"Please report irregularities."

"Please see that your cards are pegged."

"A keno made on a board not pegged will not be paid."

Other archways, under which are suspended the signs "Poker," lead into adjoining rooms, where are still other signs, stating that such and such tables are for "Draw Poker." These tables of eight persons, besides the banker and the dealer, are watched by lookers-on with keen interest, and as one player, more lucky than the others, increases his pile of ivory chips, bills and specie, congratu-

latory hand-shakes are offered him, while the silent one, who, at the other end of the table, has been staking the largest and losing heavily, is not noticed.

The god of success is worshipped, while no sympathy is shown the unfortunate one. Is this *very* different outside in the world?

Have you missed something—ye lovers of the gaming tables who read this? But you can have it! The Rue Royale can supply you with every convenience your yearnings crave. Directly across the street, up any of these brass mounted or golden stairs, that row of windows, second story; there you will find a “strong house,” and *Faro* the king.

It is free! free to all as water, without any show or thought of suppression, and the proprietors, whose fifteen per cent. yield the city large sums, have as excellent franchises as they who sell flour, bacon or cotton.

AN AGED DATE PALM.

In addition to what can possibly be described within the limits of this volume, there is much else which an observant eye will appreciate. In lot No. 53, Orleans Street, near the corner of Dauphine, stands a living monument of the past, which for more than a hundred years has been

the wonder of the inhabitants, and a hundred years ago the oldest inhabitant knew not the time when it was not an antiquarian. It is a native of the East Indies or Africa. It is claimed that its like does not exist in the State, and never has; but there are similar species in various parts of the city, and one fine one in the yard of Mr. Litchfield, on Rampart near Canal. However, this date palm is certainly the oldest, and towers fifty or sixty feet above high piles of wood, and is surrounded by humble barracks, in which both cattle and people reside. Its knarled and thick bark envelopes it for fifteen feet. Its diameter at the base is two feet. Its single stem rises forty feet higher, and from its top twenty or more long palm leaves wave above the low housetops. It bears huge blossoms, but no fruit.

This tree was as great a wonder to the early settlers as to the citizens of to-day. What a historian, could it speak! The botanist, De Candolle says these palms live to the age of six hundred and seven hundred years. It is but two squares behind the cathedral. Sit here upon the wooden steps of the low adobe covered dwelling, and look about you. Listen to the Creole patois. It will not be difficult to imagine yourself out of the United States. The New Englander who loves these things, will find antique studies in architec-

ture in this quarter, go in whatever direction he may. At the corner of Orleans, opposite the garden at the rear of the cathedral, a sign announces the following :

Librarie de la famille.

Articles religieux.

Ornements 'd e glise.

Chasaublerie.

Livres classiques.

Articles de Fantaisie.

Go inside, near the approach of All Saints' Day, and see the great and endless variety of tomb ornaments displayed, the wax and paper flowers, enormous fancy wax candles, etc.

The old dwelling in square 75, Rue de Orleans and Bourbon, opposite Faranti's theatre, will illustrate Cable's 'Old Creole Days' residences. Visit the old row of buildings on Chârtres, formerly occupied by the Ursulines. Go into the queer old courts, and see how they are arranged for dwellings, and ask if you are not in Jerusalem.

If a balcony study is desired, visit the corner of St. Peters and Royal, or stand at the entrance to the Hotel Royal, and look down the length of the narrow court called Exchange Place. See the long rows of balconies upon either side, and the Bridge of Sighs that spans it.

For types of the old Franco-Spanish residences, with the tile roofs of Carondelet's time, see Nos. 219 and 221 Rue Royale. This is beyond all the Washington headquarters in the country. At the corner of Ursulines and Chartres, opposite the archbishop's house, is another; also at Dauphine and St. Philip, two stories and a gallery.

Cable thus pictures one of these dwellings:

"Number nineteen is the right-hand half of a single-story, low-roofed tenement, washed with yellow ochre, which it shares generously with whoever leans against it."

Visit No. 139 Royal. Note the relief afforded by the interior of this court filled with flowers and shrubbery—relief from the dinginess surrounding the entrance. From the Hotel Royal, take an hour's walk up Royal Street and vicinity. Note the strange visions that greet you through the many half opened entrances to Moorish arched courts beyond. In many of these dwellings the old patterns of half-circle windows, barred with iron, surmount the doors.

On Toulouse, just back of the Hotel Royal, sombre and sad, stand the ruins of the Old Citizen's Bank building, whose one hundred and sixty kegs of five thousand Mexican dollars each, together with bank note plates and Confederate Bond plates, while under the protection of the

Consul of the Netherlands, General Butler confiscated.

At 176 Canal, our youths will be reminded of Audubon, who was born in New Orleans. Here are stuffed birds and plenty of young stuffed alligators, in all stages of exit from the shell together with stuffed armadilloes. A desire to ascertain how oranges are packed and shipped, may be gratified by visiting the vicinity of the corner of Gravier and St. Peter's streets.

General G. T. Beauregard, at present Adjutant General of State, is a resident, whose home is at No. 355 St. Charles Street. He has an office in St. Louis Hospital building.

LUMBER.

It you are curious to ascertain how the city is supplied with lumber, take the South Rampart Street cars to the corner of Julia Street, at the head of the basin or canal which leads to lake Ponchartrain.

Here are huge piles of staves, wood, brick, white sand and lumber. But there is no stock of seasoned lumber kept on hand as in northern cities. It is mostly sold before it is brought by the schooners from the lake and its tributaries. A tug will tow ten or twelve of these lumber schooners. Here are also lying at the wharf, huge black

barges covered with black cloth. Loaded as they are with charcoal, they look like immense funeral floats.

OLD BOOK STORES.

The old book stores to be found in the French quarter will serve as a treasure trove to many a visitor who loves these things. Presided over by decrepit old men or women, may be found old copies of Bossuet, Moliere, Racine, together with many curiosities in literature—the contents of private libraries of many old families of the city.

“GALLERY ROOMS.”

In the ancient dwellings of the city, as well as in many of the modern, the upper halls are on the *outside* of the house, forming the balconies upon wings and rear, upon which the doors and windows open. These rooms are called “gallery rooms,” and when fronting pleasantly are very convenient, but when in the rear, and the sunlight is obstructed by brick walls, they are not so desirable. In the more ancient houses a huge fire-place almost invariably adorns every gallery room, together with the inevitable old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with a plaited roof of crimson cloth gathered at the centre, adorned with a centre piece of brass, and the whole enveloped in the folds of the very necessary mosquito bar.

When investigating the "*chambres garnier a l'our*" of the French quarter it is well to consider light and ventilation. "Does the room look into the street?" And the reply often will be: "*Non monsieur, elle donne sur le Jarden*;" and the garden will doubtless be the court, paved with flat stones, with a spot of earth here and there, from which rises a sturdy palm, spanish bayonet, fig, pomegranite or orange tree. "Is the apartment furnished?" Madame will assure you that it is, and that "*y a tout ce qui est necessaire ; et que l' ameublement en est fort beau*," and that "*tous les meubles sont d' acajou*." All this may prove true, and the lodger secure very neat apartments, where the furniture is all mahogany, and so ancient that a Boston dealer would look upon it with envy. On the other hand, as is often the case, the furniture may be wretched, and hired from a second-hand dealer for the occasion.

GENERAL BUTLER'S HEADQUARTERS.

At No. 51 Coliseum Street, and occupying the square between Urania and Felicity streets, stands a large two-story and basement, brown stuccoed mansion, surrounded by a row of magnolias and skirted with orange trees. This is the Harrison place, which General Butler appropriated to his own use for his headquarters. It is now owned

by Wm. B. Schmidt, Esq., of the wholesale grocery house of Schmidt & Zeigler. During the Federal occupation, the army occupied barracks in Orleans Park, now the Exposition grounds, where were the headquarters of Generals Hatch and Hunt.

THE CREOLES.

George Cable and Colonel Waring, in their labors for the United States Census report, say:

The term Creole, as applied to natives of Louisiana, belonged first to the French, and then to the Spanish—a certain excellence of origin, including any native of French or Spanish descent, whose pure non-mixture with the slave race, entitled him to social distinction.

Later, Africans mixing with European, French or Spanish, adopted the term, as Creole Africans, although not recognized by their European kindred. There are French, Spanish and “colored” Creoles, but no English, Irish, Scotch, or Yankee Creoles. In furtherance of this idea of excellence of origin in commerce, we may have Creole ponies, cows, or cabbages.

In outward appearance, the Creoles had become the handsome well-knit race, that the freedom of their natural surroundings would have been expected to provide. Of a complexion lacking color, yet free from the sallowness of the Indies, there was a much larger proportion of blondes among them than is commonly supposed. Generally their hair was of a chestnut, or but little deeper tint, except that in the city a Spanish tincture, now and then, asserted itself in black hair and eyes. The women were fair, of symmetrical form, with pleasing features, lovely expressive eyes, well rounded throats, and superb hair; vivacious yet decorous in manner and exceedingly tasteful in dress, adorning themselves with beautiful effect in draperies of muslins enriched with embroideries and much garniture of lace, but with the more moderate display of jewels which indicated a community of limited wealth. They were much superior to the men in keenness of wit, and excell them in amiability and many other good qualities.

The Creole shopkeeper does not solicit you to buy. He condescends to wait upon you. You object? And as both heads clasp, then separate and swing outwardly, while the head goes to one side and the shoulders rise with a shrug, his ejaculation will not unlikely be :

“*Soit. A votre plaisir,*” or “*Muy bien, sea como lo quiere U.*” “Just as you please,” “It makes no difference to me,” or “that is all right.” He does not follow you to the door. He is content that you are gone. It is so unlike his ancestors across the water; but it is perhaps the Spanish in them, not la belle France.

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

A Sabbath in Nēw Orleans, to the stranger, might appear as any Sabbath in a Northern city, provided he sojourned up town, somewhere in the neighborhood of Trinity Church, corner of Jackson and Coliseum streets. There he will see, preceding the hour for morning service, groups of well-dressed children just out from Sunday-school, and on entering the church he will behold a good attendance and hear an excellent sermon; and so in many other portions of the city. The wholesale stores of the solid merchants of those streets south of Canal are closed. The streets are as quiet as those of Boston, and the merchants are

at church or at their homes with their families.

At the same time, at Christ's Church, on Canal, while Dr. Drysdale, with the font for his pulpit and the space outside the chancel rail for his platform, with his excellent extempore sermons, delivered with great dramatic force, together with the influence of the highly cultivated music, is endeavoring to lead souls into the better life, inside the very next adjoining walls of the Opera House, Ingomar is learning from Parthenia the beautiful theory of—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

A bell may call one congregation, whilst a brass band and electric lights call the other.

But on a Sunday morning visit the French quarter and French Market and he will see it at its best (or worst), crowded with young and old, well dressed and poorly dressed; some in carriages and some barefoot, purchasing the Sunday dinner. Throngs of girls, fresh from their devotions at low mass, are out for a promenade; scores of young men there to meet them, and whom the flower-sellers earnestly solicit to buy. One may see a half-dozen little boys dressed for church, attentively watching the operations of a man with a card trick to catch the dimes, or listening to the tirade of the Mexican with his miraculous beans

from the Holy Land, and the curative powers of his South American ginger root, but this is nothing. Wait until evening when people residing in the American quarter are getting ready for church, then walk down St. Charles street and see the huge banks of young men, walled up against the doors of the theatres, pushing and pounding each other to get choice of seats in the galleries. If there are new attractions, the opening night is invariably upon a Sunday.

But this is nothing. Walk farther down St. Charles street, across Canal, and behold the brilliantly lighted and famed Rue Royale. See the crowds of patronage the street itself possesses, and then enter any of the bar-rooms, gambling-rooms or Tivolis heretofore described, and you will behold them in the climax of their glory on a Sunday evening.

But with all this, there is a wide awake organization known as the Sunday League, and which has been persistently at work endeavoring to get the managers of the Exposition to agree to close the gates on the Sabbath day, and which at this writing is being considered, while packed Sunday evening meetings are held in churches where congregations unite in this effort, where Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson delivers timely addresses and says in substance: "The people of the North think

New Orleans a very bad city ; a dangerous place for their boys to sojourn ; but it is not altogether true. New Orleans is not such a very bad place ; the people are not all bad ; there are great, pure, generous, noble Christian hearts earnestly working for their fellow men here. There are bad places here as in all cities, but you will not find all of New Orleans in them. You will find none of Dr. Palmer's congregation there, nor none of Dr. Holland's." And so, there are thousands of the good people of New Orleans who would order a different Sabbath over the entire city if they could, but do not yet see the way.

LOTTERIES.

" The institution drawing these Lotteries was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for EDUCATIONAL AND CHARITABLE PURPOSES."

So heads the scheme. It is possible New Orleans may have inherited this business from Spain, for "The Royal Havana Lottery" is among the recollections of the oldest inhabitant. It has a firm foot-hold here, and influences all classes, from the crowd at the curbstone around the woman who places your hands upon a galvanic plate, causing a small gong to sound, while in a glass tube filled with alcohol a small imp arises, bows, disappears and, as the woman alleges, to write upon a sheet

of paper a diagnosis of your future, which, in a sealed envelope, is handed you, and a dime handed to her—from this woman to her rival across Canal Street, the Mexican “doctor” with his harangue: “Here, gentlemen, you see the male and female Mexican bean which I place in a glass of water. The male floats, and you observe the female sinks. Carry a pair of these in your pocket and your digestive organs will be free from disorder. *Try your blood*, gentlemen! Try your blood! It shows your circulation; whether you have heart disease or liver complaint.” He hands you a glass tube, with a bulb at each end, and containing a colored liquid, which a warm hand causes to flow from the bulb held by the hand to the bulb at the other end. A *cold* hand will not accomplish it. This is his test of liver complaint and heart disease. “Try your blood, gentlemen; only five cents, and I give you with it a lucky bean from the Holy Land, which insures you success in all undertakings.” See the dimes this man draws from the pockets of Superstition and Faith.

See the blue and pink lottery tickets suspended upon lines in all the cigar store windows! What do all these men and women of many nations, white and black, stand in contemplative mood before these sheets of numbers for? Why do they invariably select a particular combination of

numbers? Is it not because they *believe* in the particular superstition that the particular *one* will win? Of course they believe. They do not *buy* tickets! they “*play it*,” but they pay, just as well for them.

“You never play that?” said a street knife peddler whose stand was before one of these windows. “You never? I know a man, a negro, he play in this window on 15 and he got \$15,000 prize—oh, yes, many play that.”

Yes, many do “play it” in some form or another, from the curb-stone to the funding of the city’s debt. Hungry women have been known to sell the shoes from their feet to procure the means for purchasing a ticket. Men of means from the country have come to town to play it—as Herkimer county farmers go to Wall Street when there is a panic—and played it until they had blue and red tickets enough to paper the rooms they occupied and not strike it; the man who while on his way to procure medicine for his sick wife with a last five dollar note is induced to part with it for a whole ticket which draws the Capital prize. This and all other fortunate ones are heralded while the hundreds of thousands who dare not tell the story of the money spent on tickets which was sorely needed for other purposes, is a secret. Fail to win! why they need not, for here are little manuals

for sale at twenty-five cents which teach how to "play it to win by mere common sense calculations and combinations." Oh, vain, vain expectation. Poor, poor fools, whose time, whose minds are thus diverted from the substantial, healthy ways of earning the bread they eat. The last dollar of many and many a man is paid as a last straw to obtain means to procure the necessities of life for another week, to lose it. The personal appearance of many who are seen staking their last dollar for a ticket—their worn and seedy clothes tell the tale of poverty following this beckoning, alluring demon of Hope.

The headquarters of the Louisiana State lottery is the whole of the granite building corner of Union and St. Charles streets. Its main entrance is on St. Charles, and discloses a large room filled with desks and clerks, with all the paraphernalia of an ordinary bank.

Rich and poor, old and young, ragged and well dressed, are entering and departing constantly, parting with their specie and currency and receiving the blue, red and yellow tickets, which they carefully fold, with the faith that they may relieve a pressing need or increase their accumulations next week, or to-morrow, as the turn of the wheel may direct.

It is said that this lottery is mostly owned by a

prominent citizen of New Orleans who is a lover of good horse flesh, and who once desired a membership in the Jockey Club on Esplanade Street. He made application and was promptly black-balled. His reply was: "Very well, gentlemen, I'll turn your race-track into a burying-ground." A short time elapsed, when his agents were quietly at work securing a sufficient number of shares to give him the control. When this was done, he elected his own officers, and to carry out his threat ordered the sale of the track for cemetery purposes, and it is now known as the New St. Louis Cemetery.

A MATINEE AT THE ACADEMY.

Period 1884—November 11, one act, one scene.

On stage left, a large wheel, six feet in diameter, resembling somewhat an over-shot waterwheel. It is about three feet in width and the sides are of plate glass. A shaft runs through the centre to which, upon each side, is attached a crank.

Upon the stage right is a smaller wheel about two and a half feet in diameter, similar to the first except that its circumference is sheathed with brass. Near it, upon a box, lies a small white sack containing about *four quarts* of prizes.

In the stage front and center, upon the carpet,

lie eight sacks containing about two bushels each of numbers, and all tied and sealed.

A group of three gentlemen are seated upon the left; one of medium low stature, about sixty years of age, dressed stylishly in black, with neatly close-cut white hair and mustache.

The next most distinguished, ten years the senior of the first, is dressed in garments of gray, hanging loosely over a form with stooping shoulders, a head partially bald and with flowing gray beard. The third, a taller gentleman than the others, younger, and dressed as if for an evening party or attendance upon a Cabinet meeting.

Upon a sofa in the rear, are seated four little boys. At the wings ready for service, stand two negroes. A notary's table is on the left, another upon the right. Four gentlemen now enter and seat themselves at one of the tables; at the same time three reporters enter and seat themselves at the other table. One of the negroes places before the footlights a walnut box about two feet square and in front of it a hassock. A youth of about fourteen enters and seats himself upon the hassock with back to the audience.

The gentlemen rise from their seats, and form a group about one of the tables, and for a few minutes converse gaily in French. During all

this time the parquette and galleries are rapidly filling.

The fashionably dressed gentleman of sixty, with gray, almost white hair, and close cut mustache, which is General Beauregard, takes his seat at the side of the wheel of brass upon the right. The gentleman with stooping shoulders, long beard and spectacles, which is General Jubal Early, takes his seat upon the left beside the huge wheel of glass.

"Shall we not commence, General? it is ten minutes to eleven," said one of the gentlemen from the rear, addressing General Beauregard. "We may as well," responded the General, looking at his watch. The negroes then appear and draw one of the large sacks forward. General Jubal Early arises and stands before it while General Beauregard breaks the seal and unties the neck. The sack is then lifted, and its two bushels of numbers, each about two inches in length, rolled to the thickness of a pipe stem and held by a rubber band, are emptied into the wheel at a door in its outer edge. General Early looks into the sack to determine that all the tickets are out, then hands it to General Beauregard. General Early then remarks: "All out?" General Beauregard responds: "All out," as he throws into a corner the seal which was about the neck of the

sack. This is repeated until the eight sacks are emptied, and the huge wheel through its transparent sides is about half filled with sixteen bushels, supposed to be one hundred thousand bits of paper consecutively numbered. The two generals then repair to the brass wheel upon the left, where General Beauregard lifts the small white sack containing the four quarts of similar bits of paper supposed to number one thousand, and empties them into the wheel. These are the prizes. One of the small boys in knee pants then approaches General Beauregard, who places upon the child's eyes a bandage, which reaches around the head, at the same time bareing the little arm to the elbow. Upon the left wing General Early, with another child, achieves a similar work.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" enquired a portly, dignified looking man from the center. "We are ready," responded General Early. The two negroes then step forward and take their places upon each side of the large wheel, and with their hands upon the cranks, turn it until the contents roll upon each other, and the tickets are thoroughly mixed. The sound of these hundred thousand bits of paper revolving is like the music of Oliver Wendell Holmes' huckleberries, dropping from the measure into the pan. The revolutions cease, the two generals simultaneously open

the doors to the wheels and the little bared arm is thrust into each, a number is drawn forth and handed to General Early, and another to General Beauregard. The former unrolls it and reads audibly, "Twenty-nine thousand, six hundred and seventy." The response, in a low but rapid tone from General Beauregard, as he unrolls his number, is 'Fifty.' A gentleman, facing the audience from General Early's right, receives the ticket from the child, holds it up to the audience, and repeats in loud tones, "Twenty-nine thousand' six hundred and seventy," while another at General Beauregard's left, repeats "Fifty dollars." Again the little hand goes into the wheel of fate, "Ninety-two thousand and forty-one, and "two thousand dollars" follow it. \$100, \$50, \$500 \$200, and other prizes are drawn during the space of five minutes, when a voice exclaims, "Next roll and change boys." Two other little fellows take the places of the first, the negroes enter and set the wheels revolving until the tickets are again thoroughly mixed, the doors are opened and the drawing renewed. This is repeated every five minutes while the drawing lasts. As a play it becomes monotonous, but to the house of spectators every moment is one of intense interest, and when General Beauregard quietly and distinctly ejaculates, "Seventy-five thousand," and

the stentorian voice of the repeater, shouts "Sixty-eight thousand, nine hundred and eighty draws the capital prize of seventy-five thousand dollars!" there is a loud murmur throughout the academy, messenger boys from the reporters are darting out between the flies, while the actors retire for a few moments ostensibly to ascertain where that ticket was sold. The drawing occupies about two and a half hours when the last prize is taken from the brass wheel. The numbers in the large wheel do not seem to have diminished. In fact only one per cent. of the entire number has been taken out. One of the announcers of numbers then steps forward with this epilogue:

"That's the last of the drawing, gentlemen. I hope you all *drawed* prizes."

With many a sigh, for it is a great tragedy to the majority of the vast audience, the secret, sorrowful hearts quietly depart. In many places the sidewalks are strewn with torn tickets, the cigar stores are now emptied of them, but to-morrow they will be replenished with the new scheme for the following month, and which will be heard of from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from New Orleans to Manitoba.

CABLE'S HOUSE.

George W. Cable's home is on Eight Street, No. 229. It has a very pretty yard flanked with

good sized orange trees well laden. In building this castle he has embodied none of the courts, *porte-cochère*, or Moorish arches of Franco-Spanish New Orleans, which he loves to describe, but the reverse. He has entirely ignored the low floor, on a level with the sidewalk, and has leaped into the air. He has perpetuated the architecture of the mansions of the lower Tennessee, above Paducah, where the best citizens, on account of high water, first erect the foundation of columns, and then commence and end on the second story, the *porte-cochère* being a ladder, which after ascending is pulled in. Cable has improved upon the perspective architectural views of that country by growing roses and jessamines in front of his columns, and bananas in the rear so as to hide his back yard from the curious in their efforts to peer through. Instead of the ladder, he has a flight of substantial wooden steps, the width of which was governed by the space between two old orange trees, which guard them upon either side. It is thought that he entrusted the building of the cottage to his friend Col. George E. Waring, who by thus elevating it upon columns got in all his well known principles on ventilation and drainage. During Cable's absence east with Mark Twain, the cottage is occupied by Joaquin Miller, who is here wrestling to down the imageries of the

Sierras in describing the manners and customs of the Creoles. In his pen pictures of All Saints day, he presents the tombs in the cemeteries, as a pack of army wagons coralled upon a prairie.

A SUGAR PLANTATION.

The nearest large sugar plantation to the city is that owned by the estate of the late Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts. It lies on the opposite side of the river from the Exposition grounds, and is easy of access *via* the Choupitoulas and Levee horse-cars, stopping at Upper Line Ferry, where a sail-boat is waiting for passengers. On reaching the opposite bank a cluster of ancient brick buildings, enclosed within a paling, greet the eye. On descending from the levee bank to the store and office, one feels on looking back that he is inside a fort, so high do the earthworks of the levee appear. The office of the plantation is within the store, where is kept the usual general assortment of a country store, to supply the hands.

Near the store and residence are long rows of one-storied brick dwellings, shingled with staves. These are the old negro quarters used before the war, and are yet quite comfortable. A short distance from them is the sugar house or mill, and from the beginning of November, when cane cutting begins, until January, it is a busy place. The cane fields

commence near the sugar house, and extend nearly two miles, or as far as the soil is planted. Deep canals or ditches traverse these bottoms, intersected by smaller ditches. From this deep, alluvial soil the thick rows of cane, planted in ridges about six feet apart, grow to a height of twelve and fifteen feet, and on looking down these long avenues of thick, dark, purple stalks, the waving blades become a canopy of green overhead.

With heavy, cleaver-like knives, the rows of laborers cut and strip each individual stalk separately, while the overseer in his saddle is eyeing every one. It is a pretty scene in agriculture to witness these long rows of negroes ; to listen to their ludicrous conversation, and hear the swish of the cutting knives as they descend upon the juicy stalks which sweeten the world ; to stand upon the elevated banks of these large ditches, and look over the line of cane-cutters to the sea of waving green beyond, and further still to the tall chimneys of the sugar houses, belching forth the black smoke. At one's feet, from among the rank grass, rise the still bright golden rod and small aster, while the crickets and other insects make sounds of summer that remind one of home far, far away in the north.

The cane is planted in layers on the ridges of deep furrows five or six feet apart. When it is

cut, from the stubble the next crop springs up for the following season; when that is cut, some planters plow the land and put in a crop of pea-vine by way of rotation before planting again. The leaves on being stripped are left upon the ground to be plowed under as a fertilizer. The cane is loaded upon carts driven by a negro with three mules abreast—*a la chariot*—to the mill. A tramway and cars drawn by mules also bring the cane to the mill from another direction. From the piles where the carts deliver it, men place the stalks upon aprons or carriers of canvass, five feet wide, like the carriers to a threshing machine, which convey them, gradually ascending to the next story of the mill, where two men feed the stalks to a huge drum or roller, which draws the cane through, crushing and pressing out the juice. From this roller the crushed cane is carried to another fifteen feet further on, where it is again drawn through rollers and every vestige of saccharine pressed from it. After this last pressing, the cane is so dry it is carried upon aprons directly to the furnace fires and burned, supplying nearly all the fuel necessary for the steam used. From the rollers a small river of cane juice is constantly flowing to the boiling tanks. These are very numerous in long rows, and from them the juice or syrup, when a certain degree of saccharine gravity

(if the term may be used) is reached, is taken to tanks in an adjoining room, where it rests until it has settled. From thence it is elevated to the vacuum evaporator. This is about eight feet in diameter at the base, in shape like a Minnie ball, or may be likened to the upper end of Jules Verne's projectile, in which the journey to the moon was taken. That had a round window from whence observations *outside* could be made. This has a circular window, firmly bound with brass to the strong iron casing, through which observations can be made *inside* to ascertain how the boiling is progressing. Inside this iron shell, coils of steam pipes keep the thickening syrup in a restless condition until it is evaporated.

As the hour approaches for a "strike," as it is called, the sugar boiler every few moments draws from the hopper or base of the shell, by means of a brass tube which penetrates it, a sample of the boiling syrup, and by dexteriously manipulating it between the forefinger and thumb, determines whether it has sufficient grain, if the syrup is departing from it, and if it is in a condition to draw.

When the time arrives for "the strike," the steam is cut off from the coils, a gong is sounded and the men take their places below, as they would in taking a charge of iron from a furnace stack, The valve at the base or hopper is then opened.

and into a chute the mass of saccharine flows—a river of hot sugar—into huge vats called the vacuum pans, through which a shaft, with arms attached, revolves, to keep the sugar from settling; from these it descends in streams into the centrifugal drums below, whose twelve hundred revolutions per minute separates effectually every fraction of a pennyweight of syrup from every grain of sugar, and the latter on its metamorphosis falls into large wheelbarrows, is then wheeled into an adjoining room and emptied into channels containing endless screws, carrying it to elevators, thence to the dryers or granulators above, and from them descends pure white sanded crystals into barrels below, and is packed and headed up in much less time than is required to describe it. From the vacuum evaporator, to dry white grain sugar less than five minutes' time is taken. A strike from this evaporator will yield fourteen thousand pounds of sugar, with an average of three strikes in twenty-four hours, or twenty-one tons a day.

The cane yield upon this plantation is from fifteen to twenty tons per acre. A ton of cane produces about one hundred and thirty-five pounds of sugar. An average hand will cut and strip three tons of cane a day; an extra hand, five tons a day. An evaporater alone, like this one, would

cost about as much as a locomotive, or eight thousand dollars. The machinery or plant of a sugar house like this would represent an investment of from sixty thousand to eighty thousand dollars. There are several thousand acres of land in this plantation, but not over five hundred acres in cane. Like many others it has suffered severely from crevasses, the great river being a constant source of terror.

Sugar cane is a barometer of the season of 1884, illustrated as follows: Near the base of the stalk the spaces between the joints were short. This represents the protracted rainy season of spring, when the cane was in its infancy. Longer spaces farther up, denote fair cane weather during early summer. Contracted spaces again near the top, denote the severe drouth of the autumn of that year.

TO THE JETTIES.

Steamboats leave at eleven A. M., daily at the head of Conti Street, for the Jetties, arriving at about midnight, and start on the return trip about seven A. M. next day. There is a hotel for the accommodation of those who may desire to spend a day.

This is an enjoyable trip, giving visitors an opportunity for a short ride upon the Father of Waters, where it is at its best, as well as a chance to view the great work of Captain Eads. It is

about eighty miles to Forts St. Philip and Jackson. From the forts to the head of the passes it is about twenty miles, from thence to Fort Eads twelve miles, where the jetties commence, extending one and a half miles to the gulf. This trip covers territory representing some of the best rice, sugar and orange plantations in Louisiana. The total rice crop of Plaquemine Parish for 1883 was 74,000 barrels, and the crop of sugar was 15,552 hogsheads. The first orange plantation commences at Chalmette on the east bank, three miles below, and the first rice plantation is on the west bank five miles below. Two miles below that upon the same side of the river, is Corrinne plantation, which produced last year 1,500,000 pounds of sugar. Fifteen miles below, on the left bank is the Charles Villere plantation, where General Beauregard was raised. A mile below this is "Terre au Boeuf," or Beef Prairie, where the Shell Beach Railroad terminates. This is at "English Turn," the bend in the river where Bienville advised the Englishman who had come to start a colony in Louisiana, to turn back, and he did so.

Nineteen miles and we reach H. P. Kernochen's sugar plantation, "Scarcedale," on the left bank, which produced during the season of 1883, 1,119,-

000 pounds of sugar. This is said to be one of the finest plantations in the State.

Twenty-two miles below is Simpson Horner's "Stella" plantation.

Rice, sugar and orange plantations continue, among them being "Ste. Rosalie," thirty-three miles, producing 760,000 pounds refined sugar; "Myrtle Grove," owned by State Senator Wilkinson, thirty-five miles below on right bank; Harlem, Bellevue, and many others.

The first rice mill is the Farmers, on the left bank, forty-two miles below. The Court House mill, two miles further, and others follow. Ex-Governor Warmouth's plantation, "Magnolia," lies on the west bank, forty-five miles below. It produced, in 1883, 1,000 hogsheads of sugar.

Sixty miles below, on the right bank, is the Johnson orange plantation, containing, it is said, 11,000 bearing trees.

Next we reach the forts where Farragut ran the gauntlet described elsewhere in this book. Below the forts there is but little cultivation, being mostly in swamp.

On this trip many varieties of craft are met, from the oyster smack to the Bremen steamer, together with many hulls from various parts of the world.

The following from the *Times-Democrat* is a good description of Captain Eads' achievement:

The jetties extend from South Pass across the bar into the Gulf. The total length of the east jetty, as constructed, was 12,100 feet, or nearly two and one-third miles; the west jetty terminates opposite the east jetty, but its total length is only about one and a half miles, the difference being due to the greater extension of the natural banks on the west side of the pass. Without entering into a detailed account of the method of constructing the jetties, their mode of structure may be briefly stated to be with willow mattresses, laid in layers, and weighted with stone, and on this foundation a concrete wall is built. After successfully surmounting innumerable engineering difficulties and embarrassments of the most formidable character, Captain Eads achieved a glorious triumph in his great undertaking, and the jetties were practically completed in July, 1879.

This improvement on the channel continues from year to year. The latest reports show that the shoalest locality in South Pass this year is seven hundred feet above East Point, where the least depth is twenty-nine feet, and the least width of the twenty-six foot channel is two hundred and forty feet. Last year, 1883, the least depth of the channel throughout the pass was twenty-seven feet; and the twenty-six foot channel was one hundred and sixty feet wide, a deepening of two feet in the least depth and a gain of eighty feet in width in the twenty-six foot channel.

Coming to the jetties proper the improvement is still more conspicuous. The least depth last year was thirty-one feet; to-day it is thirty-four feet, a deepening of three feet. In 1883 the thirty foot channel was ninety feet wide and the twenty-six foot channel two hundred and forty feet. The report this year shows a width for the former of one hundred and fifty feet, a gain of sixty feet; and for the latter of two hundred and seventy feet, a gain of thirty feet—all this done by the action of the water alone and without the aid of the dredge-boat, which has not operated since February 22, 1883, and with a very small force of workmen employed.

The present condition of the jetties, as far as depth of water is concerned, may be given about as follows: Least depth in pass above jetties, twenty-nine feet; least width of twenty-six foot channel in pass

above jetties, two hundred and forty feet ; least depth through jetties, thirty-four feet ; least width of twenty-six foot channel through jetties, two hundred and seventy feet ; least width of thirty foot channel through jetties, one hundred and fifty feet ; least depth of outlet into gulf beyond jetties, thirty-two and eight hundredths feet ; least width of thirty foot channel of outlet into gulf beyond jetties, one hundred and twenty feet.

The channel through the year has sensibly improved with approximation to uniformity of depth. That is, the jetties, instead of having a rough and uneven bottom, are growing more regular and uniform, with nearly the same depth throughout.

Since their completion the jetties have been put to the severest tests, and the repeated and safe passage through them of vessels of the largest draught have completely demonstrated their success. Among the latest triumphs of the jetties was in 1883, when the immense English cable steamship, the "Silvertown"—acknowledged to be the largest vessel with the largest cargo that ever left New Orleans—went out to sea successfully. The dimensions of the Silvertown were: 338 feet in length ; depth of hold to top deck, 42 feet ; beam, 55 feet. On the trip referred to she carried a cargo consisting of 10,618 bales of cotton, 319 tons of oil cake, 24,193 bushels of grain, 10,750 wood staves, 1,000 tons of coal, and water ballast, 275 tons. With this cargo her draught of water was 25 feet 4 inches aft and 22 feet 11 inches forward. Vessels have passed through the jetties with a heavier draught than the Silvertown. The "City of New York," a short time before, went through with a draught of 25 feet 10 inches, but she was a comparatively narrow ship, with a sharp bottom ; the Silvertown, on the contrary, had an enormous breadth of beam, and was nearly as broad at the bottom as the top, being nearly flat-bottomed. It was a splendid testimonial to the complete success of the jetties.

MARDI GRAS.

The festival preceding the first of Lent or Ash Wednesday, is one of special interest in New Orleans, and the city is distinguished for the splendor she gives to her favorite holiday, the

“Mardi Gras,” or “Fat Tuesday.” Most of the distinctive ceremonies now annually performed were originally introduced by the French population as early as 1827, and for many years their celebration was confined chiefly to them. One of the leading features has been the procession of the “Bœuf Gras,” the ox gorgeously dressed and attended through the streets with much pomp by large numbers of gaily and grotesquely masked butchers. Everything pertaining to these festivities now comes within the control of an elaborate organization. The day, Mardi Gras, is a legal holiday, and the whole city is for the time ostensibly placed under the control of a King of the Carnival, the mysterious and mighty “Rex.” There are two principal pageants. The first, in the day time, is the escort of the “beloved Rex” through his favorite city. He is seated on a magnificent car, high above the heads of the people, his approach heralded as only royalty used to be, attended by his own special guard and foreign soldiery, as well as the United States military and marines. The illusion of a powerful monarch visiting his dominions is most curiously sustained to the minutest detail. The night pageant is known as the “Mystic Krewe of Comus.” This has a character altogether unique. The first display was in 1857. The proceedings are kept entirely

secret; nothing is known but that the Krewe will again make their appearance, but whence they come, of whom composed, and what is to be the character of the entertainment, is kept in profound mystery till they suddenly reveal themselves to the curious and always delighted spectators. It is a series of tableaux drawn upon immense floats, brilliantly illuminated, illustrative of great classic poems of striking events in the world's history, ancient and modern, as "Paradise Lost," "The Iliad," "The Historic Characters of America," "Audubon and His Birds," and "Scenes from the Ancient Scriptures." These displays evince a rare combination of classic erudition, taste and ingenuity, presented with a completeness and gorgeousness as bewildering as it is beautiful. The day's pageants close with combination tableaux at the theatres, with a ball, and with the grand court ball of "Rex," at which he chooses a queen, who shares his greatness for the evening. During this festival many grotesque scenes and processions of maskers appear in the streets. The throwing of flour in the streets is now prohibited.

The appearance of his Royal Highness is now publicly announced for Mardi Gras, February 17, 1885, when the brilliant pageants of the Krewe of Proteus and Knights of Momus will take place.

ELCTION DAY IN NEW ORLEANS !

During the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, the writer visited various voting precincts on the day of the Presidential election in that city, and, being in New Orleans on the second Tuesday in November, 1884, a comparison of events is certainly in order, in view of the apparent want of truthful information on the part of thousands of Northern people who are led to believe that scenes of danger and bloodshed are constantly occurring. Philadelphia is cited in comparison because the outlying wards of the city—the precincts lying towards the upper end of Chestnut street—may be truthfully likened to the voting precincts of the old French Quarter in New Orleans on the day of the last Presidential election, in point of order, quiet, and entire absence of any noisy or boisterous conversation. No quarrels, no threatening language, nor display of firearms was seen—no crowds even around the polls; voters leisurely coming forward, selecting their tickets from the tables on the sidewalk, depositing their votes and departing to attend to their business. The drinking places were closed, and as far as quiet goes, it was a far better Sunday than the ordinary day.

"BULL RUN RUSSELL'S", PEN PICTURES OF NEW ORLEANS IN 1861.

At night the steamer entered a dismal canal, through a swamp which is infamous as the most mosquito haunted place along the infested

shore ; the mouths of the Mississippi themselves being quite innocent compared to the entrance of Lake Ponchartrain. When I woke up at daylight, I found the vessel lying alongside a wharf with a railway train alongside, which is to take us to the city of New Orleans, six miles distant.

A village of restaurants, or "restaurats," as they are called here, and of bathing boxes has grown up around the terminus ; all the names of the owners, the notices and sign-boards being French. Outside the settlement the railroad passes through a swamp, like an Indian jungle, through which the overflowings of the Mississippi creep in black currents. The spires of New Orleans rise above the underwood and semi-tropical vegetation of this swamp. Nearer to the city lies a marshy plain, in which flocks of cattle, up to the belly in the soft earth, are floundering among the clumps of vegetation. The nearer approach to New Orleans by rail lies through a suburb of exceedingly broad lanes, lined on each side by rows of miserable, mean, one-storied houses, inhabited, if I am to judge from the specimens I saw, by a miserable and sickly population.

A great many of the men and women had evident traces of negro blood in their veins, and of the purer blooded whites many had the peculiar look of fishy-fleshy population of the Levantine towns, and all were pale and lean. The railway terminus is marked by a dirty, barrack-like shed in the city. Selecting one of the numerous tumble-down hackney carriages, which crowded the streets outside the station, I directed the man to drive me to the house of Mr. Mure, the British consul, who had been kind enough to invite me as his guest for the period of my stay in New Orleans.

The streets are badly paved, as those of most of the American cities, if not all that I have ever been in, but in other respects they are more worthy of a great city than are those of New York. There is an air thoroughly French about the people—*cafés*, restaurants, billiard-rooms abound, with oyster and lager-bier saloons interspersed. The shops are all *magazines* ; the people in the streets are speaking French, particularly the negroes, who are going out shopping with their masters and mistresses, exceedingly well dressed, noisy, and not unhappy looking. The extent of the drive gave an imposing idea of the size of New Orleans—the richness of some of the shops, the vehicles in the streets, and the multitude of well-dressed people on the

pavements, an impression of its wealth and the comfort of the inhabitants. The Confederate flag was flying from the public buildings and from many private houses. Military companies paraded through the streets, and a large proportion of men were in uniform.

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The streets are full of Turcos, Zouaves, Chasseurs ; walls are covered with placards of volunteer companies ; there are Pickwick rifles La Fayette, Beauregard, MacMahon guards, among whom the Meagher rifles, indignant with the gentleman from whom they took their name, because of his adhesion to the North, are going to rebaptise themselves, and to seek glory under one more auspicious. In fact, New Orleans looks like a suburb of the camp at Châlons. Tailors are busy night and day making uniforms. I went into a shop with the consul for some shirts—the mistress and all her seamstresses were busy preparing flags as hard as the sewing-machines could stitch them, and could attend to no business for the present. The Irish population, finding themselves unable to migrate northwards, and being without work, have rushed to arms with enthusiasm to support southern institutions, and Mr. John Mitchell and Mr. Meagher stand opposed to each other in hostile camps.

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I dined with Major Ranney, the president of one of the railways, with whom Mr. Ward was stopping. Among the company were Mr. Eustis, son-in-law of Mr. Slidell ; Mr. Morse, the Attorney-General of the State ; Mr. Moise, a Jew, supposed to have considerable influence with the Governor, and a vehement politician ; Messrs. Hunt and others. The table was excellent, and the wines were worthy of the reputation which our host enjoys, in a city where Sallusts and Luculli are said to abound. One of the slave servants who waited at table, an intelligent yellow "boy," was pointed out to me as a son of General Andrew Jackson.

We had a full account of the attack of the British troops on the city, and their repulse. Mr. Morse denied emphatically that there was any cotton bale fortification in front of the lines, where our troops were defeated ; he asserted that there were only a few bales, I think seventy-five, used in the construction of one battery, and that they and some sugar hogsheads constituted the sole defence of the American trench. Only one citizen applied to the State for compensation, on account

of the cotton used by Jackson's troops, and he owned the whole of the bales so appropriated.

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If an apology is needed by those Southern readers who desire a veil drawn over the "bloody chasm" of the past, because of the somewhat lengthy description of the Farragut engagement with Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and other events incident thereto relating to New Orleans and described in this book, it is hereby freely given. The persons mostly interested in these matters are those whose hands did the work—the Confederate and Federal soldiers, sailors and marines. The true Confederate soldier desires no apology and would treat it as ridiculous—the energetic hand of the Confederate which savagely grasped the musket that sent the deathly messenger, with earnest tenderness, now grasps the hand of the Federal soldier while they draw near to talk of the dangers they have passed. Thousands of Federal soldiers who are fast passing away, will now make their first visit to former scenes of slaughter, and any light that can be given them relating to locations, will be most assuredly appreciated. That there is a reticence on these subjects in the publications for the information of strangers visiting New Orleans, is to be regretted. The Federal soldier has nothing offered him which will refreshen his memory,

and unless a Confederate soldier is met with who is possessed of information on the subject, he is left completely in the dark without any means of informing himself as to an important event in the history of New Orleans, in which he doubtless was a participant. This reticence on the part of publishers must arise from a false modesty entirely foreign to the subject. The twelve thousand five hundred white headstones, with names from Maine to New Mexico, standing in Chalmette Cemetery, will not down, neither will the monuments in Greenwood and Metarie Road, erected to the memory of the Confederate dead. These small headstones, white and clean, are the cards of those which you have among you constantly. Sons of many of those who lie buried there, will embrace this opportunity of visiting the spot, and those participators of the struggle, who are living, the Federal soldiers, when *their* cards are presented to their Confederate soldier friends, is anyone foolish enough to suppose that their conversation will be merely formal, avoiding all allusions to the conflict, instead of going into every detail, refreshing and correcting the memory of each other with a warmth and friendship born in sympathy with the dangers they have passed? The frequent intercourse of Federal with Confederate soldiers, throughout the South, during the past few years,

has taught the fact that any dissenting view is ridiculous.

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Have we *done* New Orleans? Have we seen it, as it is? And our tired feet, do they bear evidence as to the thousands and thousands of square feet of surface in the Exposition Buildings? Are our ears dulled with the combination of noises—the music of bands, the chiming of bells, of fog-horns, the rattle of machinery, the gongs of the steam cars of Canal Street; the strange cries of street venders, the noise of mule cars and vehicles? Then let us jump aboard the cars at the station of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, head of Canal Street, and start down the Gulf coast. O, what a relief to leave the last link of suburban civilization, the low, one-storied, dormer-window roofed houses with solid green wooden blinds hiding every vestage of glass from sight, and look out again into Nature's haunts, into the broad savannas, endless plains of salt marsh stretching away to the east, away to the west, great masses of long grass as far as the horizon; the green and brown relieved by vast clouds of white flowers, and tall groups of brilliant golden rod. Here and there great fires have blackened the plain close to the roots of the long grass, and in the morning sun the water sparkles through the black surface like diamonds.

Here are broad bayous with pretty islands of green cane, sitting like great bouquets upon the placid waters, and 'as we approach, a group of Spanish curlews, a white crane or a few pelicans arise into the air, the latter soaring away in single file.

And the swamps! Slimy pools of green—or, perhaps a fire has painted them brown or black—too thick to ripple, and look as though an alligator's nose would cause an elevation but not break the surface. See how the naked gray cypress trunks rise like immense stalagmites, and the great thick, long mantles of dark moss drooping like stalactites. See the lowly palms, their outer edges whitened with fire, brightening the gloom with light, like pin-wheels of fire amid the damp: they almost laugh like sprites. It is like a solemn lonely cavern, the haunt of spirits. No wonder Pascagoula Bay has its legend, a mermaid queen, whose music can be heard to this day. Such places, such scenes, are breeding grounds of the supernatural.

In 1727 Governor Périer visited the spot near the mouth of the Pascagoula River, where on calm, moonlight nights is heard strange music, like distant æolian harps, which appears to issue from grottoes in the bottom of the river. Tradition says a tribe formerly existed here, who worshipped the idol of a mermaid, and lived on oys-

ters and fish—a harmless race. In 1540 a priest appeared among them, and with cross in hand endeavored to convert them, when one moonlight night, upon the crest of a wave, a beautiful mermaid appeared, singing :

“Come to me, come to me, children of the sea,
Neither bell, book nor cross shall win you from your queen.”

At this they all plunged into the sea, and were never heard of more. The music is still there.

Eighteen miles from the city we reach Fort Pike, which was occupied by Louisiana troops in 1861, and thirty miles brings us to the Rigolets, pronounced *Rigolais*, the entrance from Lake Borgne to Lake Ponchartrain. It is a charming ride along here, the car windows being high enough over all to scan the horizon for miles. Thirty-eight miles brings us to Pearl River and Grand Plains, and fifty-three miles to Bay St. Louis. Fifteen miles back of Bay St. Louis, close to Bayou La Croix, in the Devil's Swamp, remain some fifty or sixty of the once powerful Choctaws. They are Christians now, and have a little Catholic church—“The Church of the Holy Cross.” But they are Choctaws still, have no large herds, like those of their tribe in the Indian Nation, but live by logging, raising sweet potatoes, making baskets and selling Choctaw and wahaka roots for bitters.

From Bay St. Louis, east, the shore is dotted with handsome summer residences and cottages. Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Beauvoir—where ex-President Jefferson Davis resides—Biloxi, Bienville's first capital, Ocean Springs, West and East Pascagoula, all have excellent hotels, a good beach and avenues of shade of magnolia and live oak. Thunder showers prevail in winter, when it seems like Long Branch in June, but with a greater abundance of shade upon the beach. The railroad courses through the pine woods, and from it one can get no idea of the appearance of the coast, half a mile distant. At Pass Christian one can remain in comfort, and do the Exposition by morning and evening trains with low fares, as well as if located at Rye or Yonkers and the Exposition was in New York. From these points along the coast short excursions can be made to Cat Island, Ship Island, Isle au Pied, where in winter wild geese are plenty, as well as snipe, ducks and curlew, while the waters yield sheeps-head, red fish, croakers, flounders and Spanish mackerel. With plenty of time at command, the coast is the place to stay, see the Exposition and rest.

The World's Industrial

—AND—

COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,

Opening Dec. 16, 1884, Closing May 31, 1885.

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THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

ITS SCOPE.

The following is an enumeration of the different groupings of exhibits :

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| 1. Agriculture, | 6. Furniture and Accessories, |
| 2. Horticulture, | 7. Textile Fabrics, Clothing and Accessories, |
| 3. Pisciculture, | 8. The Industrial Arts, |
| 4. Ores and Minerals, | 9. Alimentary Products, |
| 5. Raw and Manufactured Products, | 10. Education and Instruction, |
| | 11. Works of Art. |

Under these heads everything wrought by man or produced by nature can be classed.

The World's Exposition, in its intent, scope and provision, covers every object on earth having any relation to man's use or interest.

The management, under the authority granted, provided for a thoroughly comprehensive exposition. To encourage exhibits in the various departments, when feasible and appropriate, the most liberal premiums in cash and medals are offered. In the Horticultural Department premiums to the amount of \$32,000 are offered ; in the Department of Agriculture and Live Stock, premiums to the amount of \$80,000 are offered. For many special

exhibits liberal cash premiums will be offered. For general exhibits entered for competition, submitted to international juries, gold, silver and bronze medals, diplomas, certificates of merit and "special mention" will be awarded.

LOCATION OF GROUNDS.

The City Park, lying between the left bank of the Mississippi River and St. Charles avenue, about four miles from the business centre of the city, was tendered by the city council for the uses of the Exposition. It is a high, dry and beautiful stretch of ground, having numerous groves of magnificent live oaks and unusual advantages of easy access by water and by land. Its river frontage of over half a mile affords ready landing for scores of steamers, while five street and two steam car lines reach it from the centre of the city. St. Charles avenue, the great boulevard of the city, bounds it on the north. The Exposition grounds front east, towards the city proper.

THE MAIN BUILDING.

The main building is the largest ever erected. It is 1,378 feet long by 905 feet wide, without courts, and has a continuous roof composed largely of glass so arranged as to afford an abundance of light without subjecting the interior to the

direct rays of the sun. Within, the view is unobstructed. From one side or corner of the building to its opposite, the interior showing all the phases of industrial activity is seen. There are no partitions, and the lofty pillars, wide apart, supporting the roof structure, present no impediment to one's vision, but only serve to assist the eye in measuring the vast expanse. The interior is surrounded by wide and spacious galleries, twenty-three feet high, which are reached by twenty elevators having the most approved safety appliances, and by convenient stairways.

The machinery department occupies a space of 1,378 feet long by 300 feet wide, within the main building, and has an extension added in iron 350 feet long and 150 feet wide for heavy machinery, described under the heading of Factories and Mills. From the galleries overlooking, more than two miles of shafting can be seen driving every known character of machinery.

Music Hall, with a seating capacity, in commodious chairs, for 11,000 people, a platform capacity for 600 musicians and a mammoth organ built to order for the Exposition occupies the centre of the interior.

The main building will contain general exhibits. It is situated about in the centre of the grounds.

UNITED STATES AND STATE EXHIBITS.

This building is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide. It is one of the largest exposition buildings ever erected. At the time of the adoption of the plans, it was supposed that the Main Building, having the largest capacity of any building heretofore erected, in conjunction with the Horticultural Hall and such minor outside buildings as were necessary, would afford ample space and accommodation for all exhibits; but the interest in the World's Exposition had become so wide-spread and the inquiries and applications for space became so numerous, that the necessity for additional accommodation became imperative, and the management determined upon the erection of this magnificent structure specially for the United States and State Exhibits. The government exhibition will be complete—of itself, almost a mammoth exposition. Each department will have its distinctive exhibit. The Department of State showing samples of cotton, wool and cosmos fibres, and of the fabrics made from them from all parts of the world. This exhibit will be arranged in continental groups representing the geographical divisions of the world's commerce, etc. The Postoffice Department will exhibit all the improvements in mail facilities, and establish a branch office in the build-

ing for the accommodation of visitors and to show the practical workings of the Postal System. The Treasury Department will exhibit coast survey, light housing, life-saving service, customs, internal revenue, engraving, printing, etc. The War Department will show arms, ordnance, engineering, medical, surgical and hospital services, progress in same, etc. The Navy Department will show naval arms, ordnance, projectiles, torpedoes, dynamo electro-machines for firing, models of war vessels—ancient and modern, etc. The Interior Department—everything pertaining to the inventions and improvements in American industries and to the history, customs and habits of the aboriginal races, etc. The United States Fishery Commissions, the Department of Justice, Bureau of Agriculture, the Bureau of Education, and especially the Smithsonian Institute, will be exhaustively represented. The Government exhibit will vastly exceed that made at Philadelphia. In addition to the Government exhibits, the collective State exhibits and the general educational display will be located in this building. This structure presents a very attractive appearance.

THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

The Horticultural Hall is 600 feet in length and 194 feet wide through its centre. It is the largest

conservatory in the world. It is substantially built as a durable structure, becoming, by arrangement with the city, a permanent feature of the Park. It is located on high ground in the midst of live-oak groves. Surmounting the centre is a magnificent tower, 90 feet high, roofed with glass. Beneath this tower, in constant play, is a grand fountain. 20,000 plates of fruit, double the amount ever before displayed at any exposition, will be shown on tables extending through the hall. Around the hall will be arranged an infinite variety of rare tropical and semi-tropical plants, flowers and shrubbery. There is a tropical hot-house, 250 feet long by 25 feet wide, in which the most delicate flowers from the far South will be nurtured and made to bloom in their most brilliant perfection. Tropical fruits in the various stages of growth will be exhibited. Fruits of every section and the productions of all seasons will, by arrangements for stated supplies and thorough processes of cold storage, be available for exhibit.

THE ART GALLERY.

The Art Gallery is 250 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is a structure built of iron. The building is an elegant and artistic structure, so arranged for mounting, accessibility and light as to present the best effects, and with ample accommodation

for as large a collection as was ever exhibited on this hemisphere. It is fireproof—even the partitions being of iron.

FACTORY AND MILL,

This is a large iron building 350 feet long by 120 feet wide. In it will be exhibited cotton in all stages of manipulation from the boll to the bale. The newly invented “Cotton Pickers, Openers and Lappers,” as well as the various and complex machinery for ginning, cleaning, bailing and compressing, will be in constant operation. The supply of field cotton for this purpose will be abundant.

In addition to cotton machinery this extension of Machinery Hall will contain the various kinds of machinery used in the rolling of cane and manufacture of sugar, and the harvesting and milling of rice.

Various kinds of factory and mill machinery for wood working, brick and tile making, etc., will be located in this structure. Adjacent to this building there will be a line of sawmills, extending toward the river showing forty sawmills in motion.

THE MEXICAN HEADQUARTERS.

This is a structure of striking beauty, erected by the Mexican Government and fashioned after

the style of a Mexican senor's residence. It is a quadrangle, with a frontage of 190 feet and a depth of 300 feet. Round its open interior or courtyard, runs a terraced gallery, supporting a collection of the rarest plants and flowers and the most gorgeous birds of that famous land, seeming like a hanging garden. Surmounted at each corner and in the centre of its front with light and graceful turrets, and painted in Oriental combinations of gold and green, with mediums of maroon and touches here and there of intense red, its Moresque style will attract and please the vision and give a fair idea of the taste and characteristics of the Mexican people, and fairly prepare the visitors for their wonderful exhibit. While intended simply as the headquarters of the Mexican contingent, it will, however, contain in two apartments, sixty-four by thirty-two feet, most attractive bazars of Mexican art-work and bric-a-brac, feathers, wax, pottery, and all the minute artistic creations for which that country is so justly famous. Thus, in one building, the social and official forms, the military organizations, the architectural methods, and the light and delicate arts of our next-door neighbors will be most exquisitely and elaborately illustrated.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The special features of the World's Exposition are so numerous and so striking that it virtually necessitates classing them as general. What are termed as "tropical displays" will be special to this Exposition and so extensive as almost to be a leading feature. In fruits, flowers, plants and forestry, in cultivated products, in export woods, in minerological samples, in native manufactured products, in rich archæological stores, the exhibits of Mexico, the countries of Central and South America and the West Indies will be complete and comprehensive, unitedly composing an extraordinary exposition. The general government exhibits will in magnitude and variety far exceed the magnificent display made at the Philadelphia Centennial. The cotton exhibit, from the weed to the fabric, through numerous and wondrous processes, will be an unusual attraction. The same can be said of the sugar-cane and the rice plant, the processes of cultivation, harvesting and manufacturing, all being practically demonstrated. The live-stock display will be a very interesting feature. It includes not only cattle, horses, mules, sheep, hogs, poultry and pet stock, but that useful animal—the dog. A very liberal premium list offered in this department will insure a

large representation. The electrical display will be complete, demonstrating the wonderful progress in this line in all descriptions of invention and use. The machinery exhibit will be enormous, it will present in detail the culmination of this, the greatest of all inventive eras. The developments of the past few years will afford material that will be a source of continual wonderment to the visitor. The exposition of woman's work is a feature exciting earnest consideration. The exhibit will display her work in all the phases of her taste, skill and industry: an attempt at enumeration would be futile. In all that her hand may do or her taste may influence, evidences will be abundantly present. Another and an equally interesting feature is the department devoted to an exposition of the work and progress of the colored race. The identification of the colored race with the material progress and the development of the great natural resources of the South, and the influence of so large a portion of her population upon her prosperity, renders this demonstration of their educational and industrial progress and advancement eminently appropriate. The Board of Management, appreciating the fitness and propriety of such a feature, and to afford every incentive for the fullest and most thorough exposition, has assigned the sum of \$50,000 to

assist those engaged in the work of preparation. The colored people have entered into the work with great enthusiasm and the promises are bright for a most interesting and magnificent display.

OUTSIDE FEATURES.

Outside of the Exposition proper, the interest in it and its magnitude will attract many important enterprises and features. An international drill, in which, besides the volunteer soldiery, companies of the regular army will be invited to participate, and the companies of the Mexican army and of the Spanish army in Cuba, together with the soldiery of any other nation present, will be invited to take part, and which will be a feature of international interest. During the station of the United States fleet in the river bordering the Exposition grounds (already promised by the Secretary of the Navy), a sham naval and land battle is contemplated.

A large number of organizations of national reputation and extent have already arranged for their annual convocations at New Orleans during the period of the Exposition.

The carnival pageants, occurring about the middle of the Exposition period, will be the most elaborate and brilliant of this world-wide famed festival.

Three regular first-class theatres, two grand opera houses and one grand French and Italian opera house, will be open during the Exposition.

Grand concerts, vocal and instrumental, will be given regularly in Music Hall in the main building. The largest organ ever built for an Exposition is being built expressly for the World's Exposition.

LOCAL EXCURSIONS.

The opportunities for these pleasurable and instructive pastimes are almost innumerable in the Crescent City. By water, fresh or salt, to nearly every point of the compass. Elegant steamboats ply from New Orleans, covering the Mississippi, to its famed delta and its numerous lower tributaries, penetrating the enchanting waters of interminable bayous, bordered with rich canefields and shaded with the live oak. Steamers sail regularly between the city shores of Lake Ponchartrain and its north shores and the sound watering places, and down the Mississippi into the Gulf to the shores and Keys of Florida, to the coast places of Texas, Mexico, Central America, the Carribean Isles and the West Indies. By rail, the "Land of Flowers" is reached in a few hours, and every prominent southern point, even to the City of Mexico, becomes conveniently accessible.

ACCOMMODATION.

A matter of the utmost importance to the visitor is the question of accommodation; with this, as to character, comfort or safety, in doubt, large numbers would be debarred from attendance. The Board of Management early realized the importance of the subject and took prompt and effective steps in the matter. A department of accommodation and information has been organized. The city is being thoroughly canvassed, divided into districts and sub-districts, each having connection with the central office by telephone, telegraph or messenger service. All of the accommodation of the city is being listed and classified, its character and rate of charges determined, so that no imposition or extortion can prevail, and the promptest information and assistance will be at all times available to the visitor. No charge for this service will be made either against citizen or visitor.

In a city with 250,000 inhabitants, in a climate like that of the Crescent City, with houses of more than ample capacity, it will not be impossible to secure comfortable and acceptable accommodation for fifty thousand extra people. Besides the accommodation assured within the city precincts, the Mississippi Sound coast for a distance of more than forty miles is lined with a succession of fine

hotels and comfortable boarding houses for summer and winter resort, all within an hour and a half to two hours ride of the city. Accommodation for thousands of people can be obtained. Bordering the Gulf shore, in the midst of the pine, live oak, the orange and the magnolia, with numerous mineral springs, superb facilities for fishing, sailing and hunting, with the mild yet bracing salt air of the sea, with constant communication with the city by luxuriously furnished and rapid trains, tarrying at these resorts will be found wonderfully attracting and compensating. In addition to the accommodations now afforded numerous hotel companies are preparing to establish capacious buildings near the grounds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The temperature of New Orleans from the 1st of December to the last of May averages about sixty-five degrees, Fahr. The thermometer very seldom falls below the freezing point and then but for a day or two. The weather during this period is almost invariably clear, sunshiny and pleasant, while in general healthfulness it will compare with any section of the Union.

During this period foliage, fields and the forests retain their vernal hue, many kinds of fresh vegetables are in season, various kinds of fruit ripen,

while the orange and nearly all of the tropical fruits are in their prime.

During this same period the wharves of the city are lined with the sail and steam craft of all nations, and hardly a day passes without the departure or arrival of some vessel to or from nearly all parts of the habitable globe.

Six trunk lines of railway centre at New Orleans and furnish rapid and luxurious transit to all points of the compass except gulfward. By water regular lines of palatial steamers ply between St. Louis and Cincinnati and the Crescent City, and cover all navigable tributaries of the great river.

Gates open at 9 A. M. Admission, 50 cents; children in arms half price, all others full rates. No money received at the gates except United States silver half dollars.

GUIDE.

HOTELS.	LOCATION.	PER DAY.
St. Charles Hotel...	St. Charles and Common Sts.	\$4.00
Hotel Royal.. .. .	Royal and St. Louis Sts.....	4.00
Hotel Vonderbanck.	40 Magazine St.....	1.00 to 3.00
City Hotel.....	Camp, Cor. Common St....	2.50
Cassidy's Hotel....	40 Carondelet St.....	3.00
Southern Hotel....	Carondelet and Julia Sts....	2.50 to 3.00
Hotel Denechaud...	56 to 64 Carondelet St.....	1.00 to 3.00
Lally's Hotel.....	Cor. St. Charles & Poydras Sts.	1.50
Waverly House....	Poydras, N.W. Cor. Camp St.	1.50
Hotel Chalmette....	98 St. Charles St.....	1.00 to 2.00
Stock Dealers' Hotel	Echo St.....
West End Hotel....	West End.....
Carondelet House..	88 Carondelet St.....	2.50 to 3.00
Edwards House....	135 Camp St.....	2.00
Herron House.....	225 Canal St.....	1.50
Oviatt House.....	11 Dauphine St.....	2.00
Perry House.....	13 St. Charles St.....	1.00 to 2.00
Arlington Hotel....	116 Camp St.....	2.00
Allen House.....	288 Canal St.....	2.50 to 3.00

BOARDING HOUSES.	PROPRIETORS—LOCATION.	PER DAY.
Private House.....	Mrs. M. A. Clark, 7 Carondelet.	\$1.50 to \$2.00
"	Mrs. C. Holland, 155 Clie.....	2.00
"	Jno. A. Braun, 111 St. Charles	1.00 to 2.50
"	J. C. Hood, 95 St. Charles....	2.00
"	Wm. Progel, 106 St. Charles.	2.00
"	Mrs. M. A. Russell, 116 Camp	2.00 to 4.00
"	Mrs. M. Lee, 130 Camp.....	1.00 to 3.00
"	Mrs. D. Herrick, 198 Camp..	2.50 to 3.00
"	Mrs. A. E. Heard, 196 Camp.	2.00
"	Mrs. L. Arnold, 215 Poydras.	1.50
"	Mrs. M. Arnold, 193 Canal..	2.00
"	Mrs. M. Becker, 233 Gravier..	2.50
"	Mrs. B. Behan, 2 South.....	3.00
"	Mrs. A. Bell, 51 Girod.....	2.00
"	Mrs. A. Bond, 211 Carondelet	1.50
"	Mrs. J. W. Baum, 111 St. Charles	2.00
"	Mrs. J. Burst, 175 Magazine..	2.00
"	Mrs. A. Burns, 164 Julia	2.00 to 2.50

Private House.....	Mrs. I. Cavaros, 161 Camp..	2.50
"	Mrs. M. A. Carey, 209 Camp.	3.00
"	Mrs. F. S. Chesley, 5 North..	2.00
"	Mrs. G. Callier, 302 Canal...	1.50
"	Mrs. B. Connell, 249 Baronne.	1.50
"	Mrs. A. C. Crane, 222 St. Joseph	1.00 to 1.50
"	Mrs. R. Delerno, 227 Magazine.	1.50
"	Mrs. E. Elam, 29 N. Rampart.	2.50
"	Mrs. Emerson, 194 St. Charles.	2.00
"	Mrs. J. Fabien, 138 St. Charles.	1.75
"	Mrs. M. Gernon, 234 St. Charles	1.50 to 3.00
"	Mrs. Gilham, 139 St. Charles.	1.75 to 2.00
"	Mrs. E. M. Gilham, 211 Camp.	2.00
"	Mrs. M. Gogin, 106 Bombair..	1.75
"	Mrs. Harrison, 138 Carondelet.	1.50
"	H. S. Kellogg, 67 Royal.....	1.00 to 2.00
"	A. C. Malborough, 129 Carond't	2.00
"	M. McCormal, 161 Carondelet	1.75
"	H. McDaniel, 148 Julia.....	2.00
"	L. V. McFarland, 192 Julia..	2.50 to 3.00
"	C. E. Minor, 173 Camp.....	2.00
"	Kate Mawney, 190 Julia.....	1.50 to 2.00
"	A. Maunn, 164 Carondelet...	2.00
"	E. Penniston, 156 Julia.....	1.50
"	Mrs. Goldsmith, 154 Carondel't	1.50 to 2.00
"	Mrs. Tora Rogers, 196 Baronne	2.00
"	Mrs. C. Russell, 21 Dauphine.	2.00
"	Mrs. V. Street, 5 South.....	3.00
"	Mrs. P. Schreiber, 225 Poydras.	1.50
"	Mrs. Torian, 135 St. Charles.	2.00
"	Mrs. L. Trapolin, 123 Royal.	2.00
"	Mrs. C. Tuttle, 181 Camp....	1.50
"	Mrs. Kate Vetter, 90 Baronne.	1.50
"	Mrs. A. Voisen, 135 Chartres.	1.00 to 2.00
"	Mrs. E. Walter, 256 Baronne.	2.00
"	Mrs. Welsh, 165 St. Charles..	3.00
"	H. Gernon, 135 St. Charles..	2.00
"	Mrs. D. Edwards, 223 St. Joseph	1.50
"	Mrs. M. Wall, 149 St. Joseph.	2.00
"	Mrs. A. Can, 223 Camp.....	2.00
"	Mrs. Redmond, 303 St. Charles	2.00
"	Mrs. C. Williams, 310 Canal.	1.75

Additional lists of boarding houses can be obtained at the Bureau of Information, 164 Gravier Street, opposite St. Charles Hotel.

Many of the steamers at the levee also offer excellent accommodations at about \$2.00 a day for board and room.

RESTAURANTS.

LOCATION.

Antoine's	65 St. Louis.....
Bergamini & Co	21 Royal.....
Bero Victor	31 Bourbon.....
Bezandin Louis.....	113 Custom House.....
Borges'	109 Custom House.....
Boudousquie Henry.....	129 Gravier.....
Cassidy's	40 Carondelet.....
Cosmopolitan	13 & 15 Royal.....
Denechaud E. N.....	8 Carondelet.....
Detzel Jacob.....	135 Poydras.....
Egerton Mrs. E	31 Natchez.....
Excelsior	595 Magazine.....
Fabacher Joseph.....	23 Royal.....
Felicini Alexander.....	218 Magazine.....
Forget Philip.....	107 Custom House.....
Four Seasons.....	111 Chartres.....
Frid's.....	106 St. Charles.....
John's	181 Canal.....
King Thomas.....	138 Dumain.....
Kissinger Bros.....	57 Gravier.....
Lebrun Lucien.....	13 St. Philip.....
Leon's.....	23 St. Charles.....
Licalzi Antonio.....	6 N. Rampart.....
Leynoz Pablo.....	209 Royal.....
Lukinonch Morco.....	192 Camp.....
Marchal Jules Mrs.....	19 Union.....
Meyer Bernard.....	200 Poydras.....
Moreau's	128 Canal.....
Paichous Hypolite.....	93 St. Charles.....
Phoenix House.....	96 St. Charles.....
Pizzini's.....	182 Canal.....
Raphael Joseph	174 Custom House.....
Schaefer Egbert	18 Exchange Place.....
Stecher Joseph.....	174 Gravier.....
Sugasti Everiste.....	9 St. Philip.....
Teen Elizabeth.....	85 Dauphine.....
Troyani S.....	52 St. Louis.....
Toumilla Jean.....	38 N. Franklin.....
Valerey N.....	108 Custom House.....
Victor's.....	31 Bourbon.....
Vonderbanck.....	128 Common.....
Voorhies P. E.....	18 Royal.....
Walker A.....	63 Exchange Place.....
West End Restaurant.....	8 Carondelet.....
Ziegler J.....	10 Royal.....

EXCHANGES.

Cotton Exchange—Carondelet, corner Gravier Street; Charles E. Black, President; Henry G. Hester, Secretary.

Produce Exchange—44 Magazine Street; E. K. Converse, President; W. M. Smallweed, Secretary.

Stock Exchange—29 Carondelet Street.

Mexican Exchange—124 Common Street.

Chamber of Commerce—Corner Gravier and Carondelet streets.

Sugar Exchange—Corner Front and Bienville streets.

Mechanic's and Lumberman's Exchange—187 Gravier Street.

EXPRESS COMPANIES.

Wells, Fargo & Co—18 and 20 Union Street.

Texas Express Co—18 and 20 Union Street.

Southern Express Co—18 and 20 Union Street.

Pacific Express Co—20 Camp Street.

Baldwin's European and Havana Express Co—163 Gravier Street.

New Orleans Express Co—175 Common Street.

Davies & Co.'s Express—48 Carondelet Street.

Merchant's & Citizen's Delivery Co—88 Canal Street.

TELEGRAPH.

Western Union—51 St. Charles Street

Baltimore & Ohio—(*on the way*).

American District—47 Camp Street.

Towboat Telegraph—159 Common Street.

Great Southern Telephone & Telegraph Co—
Corner Poydras and Carondelet Streets.

POSTOFFICE.

New Orleans Postoffice—Custom House Building, Canal Street; W. B. Merchant, Postmaster; General Delivery window open from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Carriers make four deliveries and collections a day in the central portion of the city. Money Order and Register offices open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. The General Delivery, Carriers' and Stamp windows open from 9 A. M. to 12 M. on Sundays.

MARKETS.

French Market—North Peters and Decatur Streets.

Magazine Market—Magazine Street.

Dryades Market—Dryades Street.

Poydras Market—Poydras Street.

Ninth Street Market—Ninth and Magazine Streets.

Claiborne Market—Claiborne Street.

Carrollton Market—Carrollton Street.

St. Mary's Market—Annunciation Street.

Delamore Market—Elysian Fields and Claiborne streets.

Jefferson City Market—Magazine Street.

Pilie Market—Poydras Street.

Second Street Market—Second Street.

Soraparu Market—Soraparu Street.

St. Bernard Market—St. Bernard Avenue.

Treme Market—Orleans Street.

Washington Market—Chartres Street.

BANKS.

Citizen's Bank of Louisiana—Capital \$1,050,000 ; 134 and 136 Gravier Street.

Germania National Bank—Capital and Surplus \$450,000 ; 102 Canal Street.

Hibernia National Bank—Capital and Surplus \$570,000 ; 17 Camp Street.

Louisiana National Bank—Capital and Surplus \$1,200,000 ; 120 and 122 Common Street.

State National Bank—Capital and Surplus \$775,000 ; 33 and 35 Camp Street.

Metropolitan Bank—Capital \$250,000 ; 91 Canal Street.

Union National Bank—Capital and Surplus \$600,000 ; corner Gravier and Carondelet Street.

Whitney National Bank—Capital \$400,000 ;
137 Gravier Street.

The People's National Bank—Capital \$300,000 ;
corner Decatur and Custom-house Street.

New Orleans National Bank—Capital and Sur-
plus \$450,000 ; 54 Camp Street.

New Orleans Canal Banking Co.—Capital and
Surplus \$1,200,000 ; corner Camp and Gravier
Street.

Mutual National Bank—Capital and Surplus
\$375,000 ; 106 Canal Street.

Germania Savings Bank—Capital \$100,000 ;
17 Camp Street.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Joseph A. Mower Post—Corner Camp and
Natchez streets.

Timothy O. Howe Post—193 Gravier Street.

There are 50 Masonic Lodges, 24 Odd Fel-
lows Lodges, 12 Knights of Pythias Lodges, and
more societies, associations and clubs than any
other city in the Union of like population.

ROLLER RINKS.

Crescent City Roller Skating Rink—corner
Washington and Prytania streets.

Exposition Skating Rink—Washington Artil-
lery Hall. Admission twenty-five cents.

CHURCHES.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Diocese of New Orleans—Most Rev. F. X. Leray, archbishop. The archbishop's residence is 280 Chartres Street.

Annunciation Church—Mandeville, corner Marias Street. Rev. A. Durier, pastor.

Chapel of the Ursuline Convent—Third District.

Church of The Holy Name of Mary—Veret, between Alix and Eliza streets; Fifth District.

Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—Canal, between Lopez and Rendon streets. Rev. A. Marine, pastor.

Holy Trinity Church (German)—St. Ferdinand, between Royal and Dauphine. Rev. Peter L. Thevis, pastor.

Jesuit's College and Church of the Immaculate Conception—Baronne, between Canal and Common streets.

Mater Dolorosa Church—Cambronne, corner of Burthe Street. Rev. A. Bichlmayer, pastor.

Mt. Carmel Chapel—53 Piety Street.

Notre Dame de bon Secours—Jackson, between Laurel and Constance streets.

St. Alphonsus—Constance, between St. Andrew and Josephine streets. Rev. F. Girardey, pastor.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart—North Claiborne, corner Annette Street. Rev. Celestin Frain, pastor.

St. Ann's Church, St. Philip, between Roman and Prieur streets. Rev. H. Tumoine, pastor.

St. Anthony's (Italian)—N. Rampart, corner of Conti Street. Rev. J. A. Manoritta, pastor.

St. Augustin's Church—Hospital, corner St. Claude Street. Rev. Joseph Subileau, pastor.

St. Boniface Church (German)—N. Galvez, corner Laharpe Street. Rev. Joseph Koegerl, pastor.

St. Francis De Sales—Second, corner St. David Street. Rev. Nicholas Simon, pastor.

St. Henry's Church (German)—Berlin, between Constance and Magazine streets. Rev. John Bog-aerts, pastor.

St. John the Baptist Church—Dryades, between Clio and Calliope streets. Rev. James D. Foote, pastor.

St. Joseph's Church—Common, between Howard and Villere streets. Rev. Richard J. Fitzgerald, pastor.

St. Louis Cathedral—Chartres, between St. Ann and St. Peter streets. Most Rev. F. X. Leray, archbishop.

St. Mary's Assumption (German)—Josephine, between Constance and Laurel streets. Rev. M. Seimgruber, pastor.

St. Joseph's Church—Gretna. Rev. Eugene Frairing, pastor.

St. Mary's Church (Archbishop's residence)—Chartres, between Ursuline and Hospital streets. Rev. G. Raymond, D. D., pastor; Rev. Blangarin, assistant.

St. Mary's Church—Cambronne, between Second and Burthe streets. Rev. R. Valle, pastor.

St. Maurice's Church—Hancock, corner Royal Street. Rev. J. Dumas, pastor.

St. Michael's Church—Southeast side of Chipewa, between Orange and Race streets. Rev. Thomas Heslin, pastor.

St. Patrick's Church—Camp, between Girod and Julia streets. Rev. P. F. Allen, pastor.

St. Peter and St. Paul's Church—Burgundy, between Marigny and Mandeville streets. Rev. J. Moynihan, pastor.

St. Rose de Lima Church—Bayou Road, between Dolhonde and Broad streets. Rev. F. Mittelebron, pastor.

St. Stephen's Church—Napoleon Avenue, corner Camp street. Rev. Verrina, pastor.

St. Stephen's Church (old)—Camp, corner Berlin Street. Rev. A. Verrina, pastor.

St. Theresa's Church—Erato, corner Camp Street. Rev. P. M. L. Massardier, pastor; Rev. Thomas Golden, assistant.

St. Vincent de Paul—Dauphine, between Montegut and Clouet streets. Rev. A. F. X. Chapins, pastor.

Trinity Church—Cambronne, near Second Street.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

Diocese of Louisiana—Office, Trinity Church. Rev. John N. Galleher, bishop.

Annunciation Church—Race, corner Camp Street. Rev. John Percival, D. D., rector.

Calvary Church—Prytania, corner Conery Street. Rev. W. R. Douglas, rector.

Christ Church—Canal, corner Dauphine Street. Alexander J. Drysdale, D. D., rector.

Mt. Calvary Church (colored)—St. Andrews, southwest corner of Willow.

Mt. Olivet Church—Peter, corner Olivier Street. Rev. C. S. Hedges, rector.

St. Anna's Church—197 Esplanade Street. Rev. J. F. Girault, rector.

St. George's Church—St. Charles Avenue, corner Cadiz Street. Rev. Samuel Wiggins, rector.

St. John's Church—Third, corner Annunciation Street. Rev. S. Wiggins, rector.

St. Paul's Church—Camp, corner Gaiennie Street. Rev. H. H. Waters, rector.

St. Philip's Church—Prytania, southwest cor-

ner Calliope Street. Rev. C. H. Thompson, D. D., rector.

Trinity Chapel—South Rampart, corner Enterpe Street. Rev. Arthur W. Chapman, in charge.

Trinity Church—Jackson, corner Coliseum Street. Rev. R. A. Holland, D. D., rector.

BAPTIST.

Amiazion Church—Deslonde, between Burgundy and Rampart streets. Rev. Charles Williams, pastor.

Austerlitz Church—Austerlitz, between Magazine and Constance. Rev. G. W. Walker, pastor.

Coliseum Place Church—Camp, corner Terpsichore Street. Rev. S. Landrum, pastor.

Fifth Equal Rights Church (colored)—164 Vallette Street. Rev. Charles Mathews, pastor.

Fifth African Church—Howard, between Jackson and Philip streets. Rev. Henry White, pastor.

First African Church—Gretna. Rev. Alexander Armstrong, pastor.

First Church—Magazine, corner Second Street. Rev. M. C. Cole, pastor.

First Free Mission Church—Broadway, between Market and Magazine streets. Rev. Burnett Brown, pastor.

First Free Mission Church—Adams, between

Burth and Third streets. Rev. Guy Burke, pastor.

First Free Mission Church (colored)—371 Common Street. Rev. A. S. Jackson, pastor.

Good Hope Second Baptist Church (old)—63 Jackson Street. Rev. John Fleming, pastor.

Liberty Church—Marias, between Clouet and Feliciana streets.

Little Zion Church—269 Lafayette street.

Harvey's Canal African Church—Harvey's Canal, Fifth District. Elder Joseph Ross, pastor.

Mt. Moriah Church—Walnut, between Wall and Esther streets. Rev. Henry Williams, pastor.

Mt. Sinai Baptist Church—Vallette, near the corner of Eliza Street, Fifth District. Rev. James Creagh, pastor.

Mt. Zion Church (colored)—Vallette, between Alex and Evelina streets, Fifth District. Rev. N. Ruffin, pastor.

Nazareth Church (colored)—Josephine, between Annette and St. Anthony streets. Rev. Thomas Jones, pastor.

New Light Church—Feliciana, between Robertson and Villere streets. Rev. William Patterson, pastor.

New Hope Church—Gretna. Rev. Putney Ward, pastor.

Pilgrim Church—Newton, between Monroe and

Franklin streets, Fifth District. Rev. Richard Frazer, pastor.

Second African Baptist Church—393 Melpomene Street. Rev. Samuel Walker, pastor.

Second African Church—Gretna. Rev. Chesley Henderson, pastor.

Second Church (colored)—Laurel, between Berlin and Milan streets. Rev. Henry Caldwell, pastor.

Second Free Mission Church—Burdette, between Fourth and Plum streets. Rev. H. Davis, pastor.

Second Free Will Church—Urquhart, between Marigny and Mandeville streets. Rev. J. B. Meyers, pastor.

Seventh Church (colored)—Washington, between N. Robinson and Claiborne.

Shiloh Church (colored)—Perdido, between S. Rocheblave and S. Dolhonde streets. Rev. H. C. Green, pastor.

Sixth Church—Rousseau, between Felicity and St. Mary's streets. Rev. John Marks, pastor.

St. John's Church (colored)—First, between Howard and Freret streets. Rev. Robert Jessop, pastor.

St. John's Church (colored)—St. Louis, between N. Tonti and N. Rocheblave streets.

St. Luke's Church—Cypress, between Prieur

and Johnson streets. Rev. Louis Taylor, pastor.

St. Mark's Fourth African Church—Magnolia, between Common and Gravier streets. Rev. R. H. Steptoe, pastor.

St. Peter's Church—New Orleans, between Roman and Derbigny streets. Rev. N. Geddrige, pastor.

St Peter's Church (colored)—Cadiz, corner Coliseum Street. Rev. H. B. Parks, pastor.

Third African Church—310 N. Roman, between Laharpe and Columbus streets. Rev. George W. Merritt, pastor.

Union Church (colored)—427 St. Peter Street. Rev W H. Bolding, pastor.

Union Church (colored)—305 Orleans Street. Rev. John Holmes, Pastor.

Zion Traveler Church (colored)—Water, between Walnut and Chestnut streets, Sixth District. Rev. Thomas Evans, pastor

Zion Traveler Church Branch (colored)—Laurel, between Amelia and Perriston streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Ames Church—St. Charles, corner Calliope Street. Rev. J. G. Vaugn, pastor.

Clinton Street Church (colored)—Clinton, corner Pearl Street, Seventh District. Rev Prince King, pastor.

First German Church—South Franklin, corner St. Andrew Street. Rev. D. Mathaéi, pastor.

First Street Church (colored)—Winan's Chapel—Dryades, near corner First Street. Rev. T. G. Montgomery, pastor.

Jefferson Street German Church—Jefferson, corner Plum Street, Seventh District.

Laharpe Street Church (colored)—Laharpe, between North Roman and North Prieur streets.

Mt. Zion Church (colored)—Jackson, near Locust Street. Rev. J. F. Marshall, pastor.

Mt. Zion Church (colored)—Desire, between Marias and Urquehart streets.

Pleasant Plains Chapel (colored)—290 Perdido Street. Rev. James D. Hudson, pastor.

Plum Street Church—Plum, between Leonidas and Monroe streets, Seventh District. Rev. Wm. Murel, pastor.

New Methodist Church—Constance, southwest corner Octavia Street. Rev. M. Parker, pastor.

Sixth Street Church—Sixth, between Annunciation and Laurel streets. Rev. Morris J. Dyer, pastor.

Second German Church—Eighth Street, southeast corner Laurel. Rev. J. A. Traeger, pastor.

Simpson Chapel (colored)—West Valence, between Camp and Chestnut streets. Rev. Joseph Gould, pastor.

St. James' African Church—North Roman, between Custom-house and Bienville streets. Rev. Henry B. Parks, pastor.

Third German Church—North Rampart, between Ferdinand and Press streets. Rev. W. H. Traeger, pastor.

Thompson Chapel (colored)—Rampart, corner Washington. Rev. R. L. Beal, pastor.

Union Bethel Church (colored)—South Franklin, corner Thalia street. Rev. J. R. Grimes, pastor.

Union Chapel (colored)—Bienville, between Villere and Marias streets. Rev. Stephen Priestly, pastor.

Union Chapel—181 Union Street, Third District. Rev. Jesse Cummings, pastor.

Wesley Chapel (colored)—South Liberty, between Perdido and Poydras streets. Rev. S. Davage, pastor.

Zion African Church—Frenchman, corner of Josephine street.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Algiers Church—Lavergne, corner Delaronde Street. Rev. James L. Wright, pastor.

Dryades Street German Church—Dryades, between Euterpe and Felicity. Rev. I. B. A. Ahrens, pastor.

Carondelet Street Church—147 Carondelet Street. Rev. Felix R. Hill, pastor.

Craps Street Church—575 Burgundy Street. Rev. Wm. Leiser, pastor.

Felicity Church—Felicity, southeast corner Chestnut Street. Rev. C. W. Carter, pastor.

Little Bethel Church—Coliseum, between Valence and Bordeaux streets.

Louisiana Avenue Church—Louisiana Avenue, corner Magazine Street. Rev. A. C. Coey, pastor.

Moreau Street Church—Chartres late (Moreau) street, corner Lafayette Avenue. Rev. James J. Billingsley, pastor.

Soraparu Church—Soraparu, between Chippewa and Annunciation streets. Rev. P. H. Henesch, pastor.

St. Charles Street Church—St. Charles, corner General Taylor Street. Rev. Bernard Carradine, pastor.

St. John's Chapel (colored)—Market, near Powderhouse Street, Fifth District.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Canal Street Church—Canal, corner Derbigny. Rev. A. N. Wyckoff, pastor.

First German Presbyterian Church—First, near Laurel Street. Rev. L. Voss, pastor.

First Presbyterian Church—Lafayette Square,

corner Church and South streets. Rev. B. M. Palmer, pastor.

First Presbyterian Church of Carrollton—Burdette, between Hampton and Second streets. Rev. A. J. Witherspoon, pastor.

Franklin Street Memorial Church—South Franklin, N. W. corner Euterpe. Rev. J. Wm. Flinn, pastor.

Lafayette Presbyterian Church—Magazine, between Jackson and Philip streets. Rev. T. R. Markham, pastor.

Napoleon Avenue Presbyterian Church—Napoleon Avenue, corner Coliseum Street. Rev. R. Q. Mallard, pastor.

Prytania Street Presbyterian Church—Prytania, corner Josephine Street. Rev. James H. Nalle, pastor.

Seaman's Bethel and Reading Room—East St. Thomas, between Jackson and Philip streets. Rev. A. J. Witherspoon, chaplain.

Seaman's Bethel—No. 9 Esplanade Street. Rev. L. H. Pease, chaplain.

Second German Presbyterian Church—St. Bernard, corner North Claiborne Street. Rev. Otto F. Koelle, pastor.

Second Mission Church—Laurel, corner of Pleasant Street. Rev. A. J. Witherspoon, pastor.

Third Presbyterian Church—Washington Square.
Rev. H. M. Smith, pastor.

LUTHERAN.

Evangelical Lutheran St. Paul's Church—426
North Claiborne Street. Rev. Niles J. Bakke,
pastor.

Emmanuel Evangelical Lutheran Church—St.
Louis, between Johnson and Prieur streets. Rev.
J. F. Doescher, pastor.

First Evangelical Lutheran Church—Camp,
near Soniat Street. Rev. Owen Reidy, pastor.

Mt. Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church—Frank-
lin, southwest corner Thalia. Rev. G. N. Blake,
pastor.

St. John's Church—Custom-House, corner
North Prieur Street. Rev. T. Steinake, pastor.

St. Paul's Church—Port, corner Burgundy
Street. Rev. Christian G. Moedinger, pastor.

Trinity Church—Olivier, corner Eliza Street,
Fifth District. Rev. George Franke, pastor.

Zion Church—St. Charles, corner St. Andrew
Street. Rev. P. Roesner, pastor.

EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT.

Bethlehem Church—368 Felicity Street. Rev.
Henry Kleinhagen, pastor.

German Evangelical Church—Jackson, south-

west corner Chippewa Street. Rev. L. P. Heintz, pastor.

First Church—Milan, corner Camp Street. Rev. Julius C. Kraemer, pastor.

German Protestant Church—Zimple, between Leonidas and Monroe streets, Seventh District. Rev. Louis Rague, pastor.

German Protestant Church—Gretna.

German Protestant Church—Clio, between St. Charles and Carondelet streets. Rev. August Gehrke, pastor.

Madison Street Church—Madison, between Burthe and Third streets, Seventh District. Rev. P. Ziemer, pastor.

German Evangelical Protestant Church—36 North Derbigny Street, Rev. J. H. Perpeet, pastor.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Messiah—St. Charles, corner of Julia Street. Rev. Charles A. Allen, pastor.

GREEK.

Greek Church of the Holy Trinity—North Dolhonde, between Barracks and Hospital streets. Rev. K. Michel, curate.

CHRISTIAN.

First Christian Church—Camp, corner Melpomene Street. Rev. W. L. Gibson, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Algiers Church (colored)—Vallette, near Eliza Street.

Central Church (colored)—S. Liberty, corner Clasquet Street. Rev. Robert Alexander, pastor.

Howard Church (colored)—Spain, between Rampart and St. Claude Streets. Rev. H. A. Ruffin, pastor.

Morris Brown Church (colored)—Marais, between Bourbon and Union streets, Third District.

Morris Brown Chapel, No. 2 (colored)—471 Villere Street, Third District.

JEWISH.

Chevre Redushe Mikveh Israel Synagogue—165 Dryades Street. Rev. Albert Silverstein, rabbi.

Touro Synagogue—218 Carondelet Street. Rev. Isaac H. Leucht, rabbi.

Gates of Prayer—Jackson, between Chippewa and Annunciation streets.

Temple of Sinai—East Carondelet, between Delord and Calliope streets. Rev. J. K. Gutheim, rabbi.

The Right Way—Carondelet, between Poydras and Lafayette streets. M. A. Seiferth, acting rabbi.

ASYLUMS.

Asylum for Destitute Orphan Boys—St. Charles, between Dufossat and Belle Castle, Jefferson City,

Asylum of the Holy Family—40 St. Bernard Avenue.

Asylum of the Immaculate Conception—Rampart, northeast corner Elmira.

Asylum of the Little Sisters of the Poor—North Johnson, corner Laharpe, branch 965 Magazine.

Beauregard Asylum—Pauline, between St. Charles and Rampart.

Female Asylum of the Immaculate Conception—871 North Rampart, corner Elmira.

German Protestant Asylum—State, between Camp and Chestnut.

Girard Asylum—Metairie Road, between Conti and St. Louis.

Indigent Colored Orphan Asylum—393 Dauphine.

Jewish Widows and Orphans Asylum—Jackson, corner Chippewa.

Louisiana Retreat Insane Asylum—Henry Clay Avenue, between Camp and Coliseum.

Lutheran Bethlehem Orphan Asylum—North Peters, between Andry and Flood.

Mt. Carmel Female Orphan Asylum—53 Piety Street.

New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum—Clio, between Camp and Prytania.

Poydras Orphan Asylum for Females—Magazine, between Leontine and Peters Avenue.

Providence Asylum for Colored Female Children—Hospital corner North Tonti.

Societe Francaise de Bienfaisance Asylum—St. Ann, between Derbigny and North Roman.

St. Alphonsus Orphan Asylum—Fourth, corner St. Patrick.

St. Anna's Asylum—Prytania, corner St. Mary.

St. Elizabeth Orphan Asylum—Napoleon Avenue, corner Prytania.

St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum—Josephine, corner Laurel.

St. Mary's Orphan Boys' Asylum—Chartres, between Mozart and French.

St. Vincent Half Orphan Asylum—Cambronne, between Second and Burthe.

St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum—Magazine, corner Race.

Widows' and Orphans' Father Turgis Asylum for Widows and Orphans of the South—St. Claude, corner Pauline.

Boys' House of Refuge—Metairie Road, between Bienville and Conti.

Children's Home (Protestant Episcopal)—Jackson, corner St. Thomas Street.

Children's Home (colored)—40 South Liberty.

Faith Home for the Aged and Destitute—Pitt, corner Robert.

Fink Home—Camp, between Antonie and Amelia.

Home for the Aged and Infirm—Carondelet, corner Nashville.

House of Refuge for Destitute Girls—Annunciation, corner Calliope.

House of the Sisters of Christian Charity—Constance, between Berlin and Milan.

Industrial School and Model Farm of Our Lady of the Holy Cross—North Peters, corner Reynes.

Little Sisters of the Poor—North Johnson, corner Laharpe.

Newsboys' Home—22 Bank Place.

Protestant Orphans' Home—Seventh, corner Constance.

Shakespearean Alms House—Rampart, between Nashville and Arabella.

CONVENTS.

Convent de St. Famille—172 Hospital.

Convent of Our Lady of Lourdes—315 Chartres.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy—76 Chippewa.

Convent of Perpetual Adoration—Marias, between Mandeville and Spain.

Convent of Mt. Carmel—Olivier, corner Eliza.

Convent of the Benedictine Nuns—630 Dauphine.

Convent of the Good Shepherd—Bienville, N. Dolhonde and N. Broad.

Convent of the Redemptionists—Constance, between St. Andrew and Josephine.

Convent of the Sacred Heart—Gretna.

Convent of the Sacred Heart—96 Dumaine.

Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame—Laurel, between St. Andrew and Josephine.

Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Family—17 Orleans.

Mt. Carmel Convent—90 Oliver.

Mt. Carmel Convent—200 Hospital.

St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy—St. Andrew, between Constance and Magazine.

St. Boniface Convent—Lapeyrouse, between Miro and Tonti. .

St. Henry's Convent—Constance, between Milan and Berlin.

St. Joseph's Convent—St. Philip, corner N. Galvez.

St. Mary's Dominican Convent—Dryades, corner Calliope.

St. Mater Doloroso Convent—Cambronne, corner Third.

Ursuline Convent—North Peters, near Manuel.

St. Patrick's Convent of Mercy—139 Magazine.

HOSPITALS.

Charity Hospital—Common, between Howard and Locust.

Hospital de la Famille (for colored widows)—41 St. Bernard Avenue.

Hotel Dieu—Common, between Bertrand and South Johnson.

Luzenburg Hospital—431 Elysian Fields.

Smallpox Hospital—South Hagan Avenue, between Canal and Common.

INFIRMARIES.

Circus Street Infirmary—132 and 134 South Rampart.

Touro Infirmary—Prytania, between Amelia and Delachaise.

Infirmary of the Sisters of Charity—Hotel Dieu.

Camp Nicholls' Soldiers' Home—Bayou St. John, foot of Esplanade.

CEMETERIES.

American—North Basin, between St. Louis and Conti.

Carrollton—Between Adams and Lowerline streets.

Cemetery of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's Church—Canal Street, between Anthony and Bernadotte.

Charity Hospital, No. 1—Canal Street, between Anthony and Metairie Ridge streets.

Charity Hospital, No. 2—Metairie Road, between Canal and Bienville.

Cypress Grove—Metairie Road, corner Canal Street.

Fireman's—Canal Street, corner Metairie Road.

Girod Street—South Liberty, between Perrilliat and Cypress streets.

Hebrew—Elysian Fields Street, near Gentilly Road.

Hebrew Association—Canal, between Anthony and Bernadotte streets.

Hebrew Congregation Dispersed of Judah—Canal, between Anthony Street and Metairie Road.

Hebrew—Jackson, between South Basin and South Franklin streets.

Lafayette, No. 1—Washington Avenue, between Coliseum and Prytania streets.

Lafayette, No. 2—Washington Avenue, between South Basin and St. David streets.

Locust Grove—Sixth, between Locust and Ferret streets.

Masonic—Bienville Street, between Metarie Road and Anthony Street.

Metarie Cemetery Association—Canal, between St. Patrick and Bernadotte streets.

Odd Fellows' Rest—Canal Street, corner Metarie Road.

Olivier—Verret, corner Market Street, Fifth District.

St. Joseph Orphan Asylum Cemetery—West side Washington Avenue, between St. David and South Liberty streets.

St. Louis, No. 1—Between North Basin and North Liberty.

St. Louis, No. 2—Between Custom-House and St. Louis, North Robertson and North Claiborne streets.

St. Louis, No. 3—Esplanade, near Jockey Club House.

St. Mary—Between Adams and Lower, Seventh and Eighth streets.

St. Patrick's, Nos. 1 and 2—Canal, between Anthony Street and Metairie Road.

St. Patrick's, No. 3—Metairie Road, between Canal and Bienville streets.

St. Vincent—North side St. Patrick, between St. David and Green streets, Jefferson.

St. Vincent de Paul—Between Louisa and Piety, Urquhart and Villere streets.

Greenwood—Metairie Road, corner Conti Street.
National Cemetery—Chalmette.

Vallence Street—North side Rampart, between Vallence and Bordeaux streets.

William Tell—Tenth, between Lavoisier and Nerota streets, Gretna.

STREET CAR LINES TO EXPOSITION.

[Separate cars are provided for smoking and are indicated by their signboards.]

ANNUNCIATION STREET LINE, RED CARS.

Start from Canal and Camp, up Tchoupitoulas and Annunciation. Return by Chippewa, Annunciation and South Peters. Red light at night; every five minutes.

CANAL AND COLISEUM LINE, GREEN CARS.

Start from head of Canal Street, out Canal, up Carondelet, Clio, Coliseum, Felicity, Chestnut, Louisiana Avenue and Magazine. Return by Magazine, Louisiana Avenue, Camp, Calliope and St. Charles. Green light at night; every five minutes.

CAMP AND PRYTANIA LINE.

Yellow cars; at night red light; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, up Camp and

Prytania. Return by Prytania, Poeyfare, Magazine and Canal.

MAGAZINE STREET LINE.

Green cars; at night white light; every two minutes; after midnight every hour. Start from Clay Statue, up Camp and Magazine. Return by Magazine and Canal.

CARROLLTON LINE.

Green cars; at night green light; every five minutes. Starts from Baronne and Canal, up Baronne, Delord and St. Charles to station, where dummy engines take the cars to the Exposition Grounds and Carrollton. Return by the same route.

TCHOUPITOULAS LINE.

Every five minutes; green cars; green lights. Start from Canal and Camp and thence up Tchoupitoulas. Return by same route.

In progress: Steam cars from corner Hagan Avenue and Canal to the Exposition. Steamers also leave the head of Canal street for the Exposition.

REMAINING STREET CAR LINES.

Jackson Street Line every five minutes; red

cars and red lights. Start from Baronne and Canal, up Baronne, Delord, St. Charles and Jackson to Gretna Ferry Landing. Return by same route.

CANAL AND CLAIBORNE STREET LINE.

Yellow cars; red lights; every five minutes. Start from head of Canal Street, out Canal, up Claiborne, up Elysian Fields, down Urquhart to Lafayette Avenue. Return by St. Claude, Elysian Fields, Claiborne and Canal.

CANAL AND COMMON.

Yellow cars; white lights; every five minutes. Start from head of Canal, out Canal, Rampart and Common to station to Rocheblave street. Return by Common, Basin and Canal.

GIROD AND POYDRAS.

Every five minutes; yellow cars; green lights. Start from head of Common Street, thence out Front, Girod, Claiborne and Common to Rocheblave Station. Return by Common, Claiborne, Perdido, Poydras and Fulton.

CANAL STREET LINE.

Green cars and white light; every seven min-

utes. Start from Clay Statue, out Canal to Greenwood and Metairie Road Cemeteries. Return by same route.

ESPLANADE STREET LINE.

Yellow cars; red light; every five minutes; every hour after midnight. Start from Clay Statue, out Canal, Rampart, Esplanade to Louisiana Jockey Club Race Course. Return by same route.

ESPLANADE AND FRENCH MARKET LINE.

Yellow cars; red light; every eight minutes. Start from Custom House and Canal Street, out Peters and Esplanade to Jockey Club House and Bayou Bridge. Return by same route.

LEVEE AND BARRACKS LINE.

Green cars; red light; every five minutes. Start from Canal at the Custom House, thence out Peters, Lafayette Avenue, Chartres and Poland to Station. Here change cars for the United States Barracks (without extra fare). Return by Poland, Royal, Lafayette Avenue, Peters and Canal.

RAMPART AND DAUPHINE LINE.

Red cars; white light; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, out Canal, Rampart, Es-

planade, Dauphine and Poland to Station, thence to Barracks and Slaughter-house. Return by Rampart and Canal.

CANAL, DUMAINE AND BAYOU ST. JOHN LINE.

Blue cars and blue light; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, out Canal, Dauphine, Dumaine, Bayou St. John and Grand Route, St. John to Laharpe Street. Return by Broad, Ursulines, (every third car by St. Peters) Burgundy and Canal.

CANAL, DUMAINE AND FAIR GROUNDS LINE.

Green cars; green lights; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, out Canal, Dauphine, Dumaine and Broad to Fair Grounds. Return by Broad, (every third car by St. Peters Street) Ursulines, Burgundy and Canal.

FRENCH MARKET LINE.

Red cars; red light; every five minutes. Start from Decatur, corner Dumaine, out Dumaine and Broad to Fair Grounds. Return by Broad, Ursulines and Decatur.

JACKSON R. R. LINE.

Red cars; red light; every five minutes. Start

from head of Elysian Fields, up Royal, St. Charles, Delord, Dryades and Clio to Jackson R. R. Depot. Return by Erato, Carondelet, Bourbon, Esplanade and Decatur.

RAMPART LINE.

Green cars; green light; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, up St. Charles, Delord, Dryades, St. Andrew and Baronne to station on Eighth Street. Return by Baronne, Dryades, Rampart and Canal.

CARONDELET STREET LINE.

White cars; white light; every five minutes. Start from Clay Statue, up St. Charles, Delord and Baronne to station on Eighth Street. Return by Carondelet and Canal.

BARRACKS AND SLAUGHTER HOUSE LINE.

Red cars; white light; every fifteen minutes. Start from station, Rampart, corner Poland, thence out Poland, Dauphine, Delery and Peters to the Slaughter House. Return by Peters, Flood, Dauphine and Poland.

CANAL STREET DUMMY RAILWAY.

Start from Canal, opposite Carondelet, for

Greenwood, Metairie Road and St. Patrick Cemeteries and West End every half hour, returning by the same route.

RAILROAD STATIONS.

Shell Beach Railway—Corner St. Claude and Elysian Fields. Ticket office at station.

Mobile & Ohio—Head of Canal Street. Ticket office opposite St. Charles Hotel.

New Orleans, Spanish Fort & Lake Railroad—Corner Canal and Basin streets. Ticket office at station.

New Orleans City & Lake Railroad (West End)—Canal, opposite Carondelet. Ticket office on cars.

Ponchartrain Railroad (Old Lake End or Milneburg)—Corner Elysian Fields and Chartres Street. Ticket office at station.

Illinois Central or Great Jackson Route—Head of Calliope Street. Ticket office corner Canal and Carondelet.

Louisville & Nashville—Head of Canal and Levee. Ticket office under St. Charles Hotel and at station.

Mississippi Valley Railroad—Jackson Depot head of Calliope. Ticket office at 61 St. Charles Street.

New Orleans and North Eastern (Queen and

Crescent)—Corner Levee and Cotton Press Street. Ticket office St. Charles Street, opposite St. Charles Hotel.

Southern Pacific and Star & Crescent—Head of Esplanade and Levee. Ticket office corner of Magazine and Natchez.

Texas & Pacific—Head of Terpsichore Street and Levee. Ticket office 47 St. Charles Street.

FERRIES TO ALGIERS.

From head of Canal Street.

From head of St. Ann Street.

From head of Barracks Street.

Every twenty minutes ; fare five cents.

Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroad Ferry, from foot of Esplanade Street, on departure of train for railroad depot at Algiers.

The following ferries are skiffs, or sail boats, carrying persons when called ; fare 10 cents each way ;

Free Town Ferry—Head of Richards Street.

Louisiana Avenue Ferry to Harvey's Canal (a tug)—Head of Louisiana Avenue.

Slaughter House Ferry—From the Slaughter House and United States Barracks.

Gretna Ferry—To the Oak Ames Plantations, foot of Upper Line Street.

STEAMERS FOR UPPER AND LOWER COASTS AND DOMESTIC PORTS.

For **Bayou Sara, Port Hickey, Baton Rouge, Donaldsonville** and way landings—Steamboats Edward J. Gay and Corona leave wharf below Canal Street Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

For **Bayou LaFourche, Coast Plaquemine** and **Donaldsonville**—Steamboats Whisper and Keokuk, daily at 12 M., from foot of Conti Street.

For **Hampton Point** and way landings—Str. Mabel Comeaux, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 12 M., from foot of Conti Street.

For **Gross Tete Railroad, Baton Rouge, Plaquemine, Bayou Goula** and **Donaldsonville**—Steamer Clinton, Monday and Friday, 5 P. M., below Canal.

For **Lower Coast**—Steamer Godfrey T. Johnson, for **Pat Lyon's Place** and way landings, daily, Mondays excepted, at 3 P. M., head of St. Louis Street.

For **Lower Coast to Oakville**—Steamer Lura, daily at 8 A. M., Thursdays excepted, from head of St. Louis Street.

For **Lower Coast for Port Eads, Quarantine Station** and **Forts St. Philip and Jackson**—Steamers Neptune, Alvin and Daisy, from head of Conti Street, at 11 A. M., daily except Saturday and Sunday.

For **Red River, Colfax, Cane River, Alexandria, Pineville**—Steamer Phil E. Chappell, from head of Conti Street, as advertised.

For **Oachita River**—For **Oachita City Trenton, Monroe** and landings—Steamer Poplar Bluff every Wednesday at 5 P. M., from wharf below Canal Street.

For **Bayou Teche**—For **St. Martinsville, New Iberia, Jeanette, Baldwin's, Franklin, Centerville, Patterson's** and all landings—Steamer New Iberia from head of Custom House Street, as advertised.

For **Atchafalaya River** and landings and **Bayou Courtableau**—Steamer Fanchon, Wednesdays at 5 P. M., from head of Custom House Street.

For **Vicksburg, Greenville, Natchez** and **Davis Bend**—Steamers J. M. White, Ed. Richardson, Natchez, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M., from head of Custom-House Street.

For **Cincinnati and Ohio River**, as advertised, from head of Poydras Street.

For **Memphis, Arkansas City, Greenville** and way landings—Steamers Henry Frank and Chas. P. Choteau leave on alternate Thursdays at 5 P. M., from head of Poydras Street.

For **St. Louis**—(Anchor Line)—Steamers City of Bayou Sara and City of Baton Rouge, Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M., from head of Poydras Street.

For **New York**—(Cromwell Line)—Steamers Knickerbocker, Hudson, Louisiana and New Orleans, as advertised, from head of Toulouse Street.

For **New York**—(Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad and Steamship Company)—Steamers leave Algiers every Tuesday and Friday at 6 P. M.

Lake Ponchartrain—Steamer New Camelia leaves Milneburg on arrival of cars from Ponchartrain depot, Elysian Fields Street, for Mandeville, Madisonville and Old Landing. Trains leave above depot to connect, Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M., Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 4 P. M. Excursions, Wednesdays at 8 A. M. and 6 P. M., Sundays at 7 A. M. and 6 P. M. Fare each way, \$1.00. Excursions over and back, \$1.00.

FOREIGN TRADE.

The foreign trade which is open to the merchants of New Orleans can be no better illustrated than in the publication of its lines of ocean traffic direct with many parts of the world, and particularly its Central American and Mexican trade. More trips to the month are needed, and increasing business ere long will bring this about. The Exposition edition of the *Times-Democrat* on this subject says:

New Orleans stands at the mouth of the greatest river in the world, with the greatest tonnage and traffic and the greatest future before it. It is midway between the world's two great oceans, midway between four continents, two north and south, two east and west, and is finally the terminus of at least six of the longest and most important railway trunk lines in the world.

DISTANCE TO LATIN-AMERICAN PORTS.

In the point of time and distance to all the ports of the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, to all the ports of Mexico and the West Indies, with the exception of a few of the further islands of South America, west of Guiana, and to all the countries and islands of the Pacific ocean, New Orleans is more favorably situated than any city on the American seaboard, and should do the importing and exporting business of these countries.

The time between New Orleans and Vera Cruz is only three days *via* Morgan City; three and one-half by way of the passes. Port Limon, Costa Rica, is seven days from here, and nine and one-half from New York, and Colon the same distance from both cities. Belize is three and one-half days from New Orleans; seven from New York.

STEAMERS AND SAILING VESSELS.

We have, during the winter season, two lines of steamers, running to Vera Cruz and stopping at Bagdad, Tuxpam and Tampico. There are also sailing vessels frequently running to Progreso and other Mexican ports.

We have a regular line of steamers to Havana, Key West and Cedar Keys. There are besides these nine other lines, embracing ninety-three vessels (steamers), running between this port and Europe, which stop at various West Indian and Mexican ports en route to this city or on their way home, thus giving us easy and frequent communication with them. Thus the West India and Pacific Line (British) stop at nearly all the important West Indian ports; the Mississippi and Dominion Line (British) at Havana; the North German Lloyd (German) also at Havana; the Harrison Line (British) among the West Indies and the ports of Central and South America; another line at Porto Rica and Cuba; and the others in similar manner at various ports on the Gulf or the Caribbean.

We have besides these a line of vessels (the Macheca Line) between Belize (British Honduras) and New Orleans, making three trips a month; a line trading regularly to Port Livingston, on the eastern coast of Spanish Honduras, and two other lines, the Oteri and C. A. Fish's steamers, connecting Truxillo and the Bay Islands with this port.

A new line of steamers has just been established between New Or-

leans and Nicaragua, placing this city in regular monthly communication with the three Caribbean ports of Gracias a Dios, Bluefields and San Juan del Norte.

C. A. Fish's steamers connect New Orleans with Port Limon bi-weekly, and thence with the interior by rail.

Three lines—Macheca's, Oteri's and Fish's—run between this city and Jamaica during the winter season, and one to Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

With the other ports of the Caribbean there is very little communication. A line of steamers was recently established to Laguayra, Venezuela, but had to be discontinued on account of the oppressive quarantine. With Venezuela we have now no communication except an occasional vessel.

FOREIGN STEAMSHIP LINES.

For **Liverpool**—Compania Mexicana Trasatlantica—Steamers Mexico, Oaxaca, Tamauripas, as advertised, from head of St. Marys' Street.

For **Trieste, Austria**—(Ward and Holzapfel's Line)—Steamers leave as advertised from head of Jackson Street.

For **Havre**—(Antwerp and Bordeaux French Commercial Line)—Steamers Dupoy de Lome, Paris, Havre, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, and Marseille, as advertised, from head of St. Mary's Street.

For **Bremen, Hamburg, Genoa, Glasgow and London**—(Mexican Gulf Line)—Steamers leave as advertised from head of Washington Street.

For **Ruatan, Truxillo, Utila, Bonacca, Belfate, Ceiba** and other ports in Spanish Honduras—(Oteri Pioneer Line)—Steamers S. Oteri and E. B. Ward, Jr., leave as advertised from head of Caliope Street.

For **Florida and Havana**—(Morgan Line)—Steamers Hutchinson and Morgan leave Algiers as advertised. Passengers take ferry boat from head of Elysian Fields Street.

For **Vera Cruz**—Steamer Harlan leaves Algiers as advertised. Passengers take ferry boat from head of Elysian Fields Street.

For **Central America, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Aspinwall**—(New Orleans and Central American Steamship Line.)

—Steamship *Lucy P. Miller*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street.

For **Spanish Honduras ports** and the Bay Islands—Steamship *Kate Carroll*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street

For **Blue Fields** and **Port Limon**—The Costa Rica Steamship *Heredia*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street

For **Puerto Cortez, Omoa, Livingston, Port Barrios, Santo Tomas**—(New Orleans, Honduras and Guatemala Steamship Line)—Steamship *Ellen Knight*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street.

For **Belize, Livingston, Port Barrios and Truxillo**—(United States and Central American Steamship Line)—Steamship *Longfellow*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street.

For **Belize, Livingston, Port Barrios, Puerto Cortez Isabel and Panzos**—(New Orleans and Belize Royal Mail Steamship Company)—Steamers *City of Dallas* and *Wanderer*, as advertised, from head of Caliope Street.

For **Livingston, Santo Tomas and Puerto Cortez**—Steamship *Craigallion* leaves as advertised, from Picayune Tier.

By the New Orleans, Central and South American steamship passengers are conveyed to Aspinwall, and thence by British, French or German mail steamships to the following Atlantic ports :

Costa Rica—Port Limon.

Nicaragua—Greytown.

Colombia—Carthagenia, Savanilla Bay and Magdalena River, Santa Martha, Rio Hacha.

Venezuela—Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guayra, Cumana, Carupano, Bolivar on the Oronoco River.

British Guiana—Georgetown, on the Demerara River.

Dutch Guiana—Paramaribo.

French Guiana—Cayenne.

Dutch West Indies—Island Curacao.

British West Indies—Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbadoes, Sta Lucia, Montserratt, Antigua, St. Kitts, Jamaica.

French West Indies—Martinique, Gaudeloupe.

Danish West Indies—Sta. Cruz, St. Thomas.

Spanish West Indies—Porti Rico, San Domingo, Hayti.

By the New Orleans and South American steamships, passengers and freight are conveyed to Aspinwall and thence by the British Steam Navigation Company's steamships to the following South Pacific ports:

New Grenada—Beunaventura, Tumaco.

Ecuador—Esmeraldas, Manta, Ballenita, Guayaquil, Tumbez.

Peru (via Callao)—Pimentel, Eten, Pascasmayo, Malabrigo, Huanchaco, Huacho.

Peru—Payta, Callao, Tambo de Mora, Pisco, Lomas, Chala, Quilca, Islay, Mollendo, Ilo, Arica, Pisagua, Mexillones, Iquique.

Bolivia—Pabelon de Pica, Huanilos, Tocopilla, Cobija, Antofagasta.

Chili—Chanaral, Caldera, Carazal-bajo, Huasca, Coquimbo, Valparaiso, Tome, Talcahuano, Lota, Coral (Valdivia), Ancud, Port Montt.

Through first cabin passenger rates from New Orleans to the following south Pacific ports (not including railroad fare across the Isthmus):

Buenaventura	\$ 85 00
Tumaco	93 75
Esmeraldas	110 00
Manta	120 00
Guayaquil	140 00
Payta	155 00
Callao	195 00
Tambo de Mora and Pisco	197 50
Chala	212 50
Quilca and Mollendo	222 50
Ilo and Arica	230 00
Pisagua, Mexillones and Iquique	232 50
Tocopilla and Cobija	240 00
Chanaral and Caldera	248 75
Carazal-bajo and Huasco	255 00
Coquimbo	258 75
Valparaiso	265 00

The fare from New Orleans to

Aspinwall	\$ 50 00
Carthagená	60 00
Savanilla	65 00

OCEAN DISTANCES BETWEEN NEAR PORTS.

	MILES.
Aspinwall to Carthagena.....2.....	270
Carthagena to Savanilla.....	73
Savanilla to Santa Martha.....	46
Santa Martha to La Hacha.....	87
La Hacha to Curacao.....	264
Curacao to Porto Cabello.....	115
Porto Cabello to La Guayra.....	66
La Guayra to Trinidad.....	340
Demerara to Trinidad.....	365
" Barbadoes.....	430
" Tobago.....	315
Trinidad to Jacmel.....	1130
" Port-au-Prince.....	1320
Port-au-Prince to St. Thomas.....	660
" San Juan P. R.....	994
Jamaica to Jacmel.....	255
Trinidad to Grenada.....	94
" St. Vincent.....	178
" Barbadoes.....	283
" Sta Lucia.....	230
" Martinique.....	275
" Dominica.....	324
" Gaudaloupe.....	377
" Antigua.....	445
" Montserrat.....	477
" Nevis.....	510
" St. Kitts.....	510
" Tortolo.....	639
" St. Thomas.....	660
" San Juan, P. R.....	720

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Freight and passengers are conveyed to Aspinwall, thence crossing the Isthmus by rail proceed from Panama by the Pacific Mail Steamships to the following ports on the North Pacific Ocean to China, Japan, Indian and Australian seas.

The distances from Panama are :

	TO.	MILES.
Costa Rica	Punta Arenas.....	454
Nicaragua	San Juan del Sur	610
	Corinto.....	716
Honduras	Amapala.....	779
San Salvador	La Union.....	800
	La Libertad.....	904
	Acajulta	942
Guatemala	San Jose de Guatemala.....	1002
Mexico	San Benito.....	1121
	Tonala.....	1223
	Salina Cruz.....	1303
	Port Angel.....	1384
	Acapulco	1591
	Manzanillo.....	1742
	San Blas.....	1928
	Mazatlan.....	2033
California	San Francisco.....	3220

At San Francisco the steamers connect at the following ports, and the distance from San Francisco to—

	MILES.
Washington Territory —Victoria.....	750
Tacoma.....	880
Olympia	925
Oregon —Portland.....	1020
Sandwich Islands —Honolulu ...	2100
Fejee Islands —Kandavan.....	4900
New Zealand —Auckland.....	6050
Wellington.....	6625
Lyttleton.....	6795
Point Chalmers.....	7000
New South Wales —Sidney.....	7200
Victoria, Australia —Melbourne....	7240
Queensland, Australia —Brisbane.....	7150
Rockhampton.....	7500
South Australia —Adelaide.....	8246
Tasmania —Hobarttown.....	7600
Japan —Yokohama.....	4800
via (Yokohama) Hiogo.....	5100
“ “ Nagasaki.....	5559
China — (via Hong Kong) Shanghai.....	6000
(direct) “	6400
Malay Pen —Singapore.....	7857
India —(via Hong Kong) Penang	8718
“ “ “ Calcutta.....	9900

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“ Tuxpan.....	750
“ Vera Cruz.....	1113
“ Coatzacoalcos (Eads' Railroad).....	900
“ Progreso, Yucatan.....	600
“ Belize (Honduras).....	840
“ Bay Islands (Honduras).....	900
“ Jamaica (West Indies).....	1200
“ Aspinwall (Colombia).....	1300
“ To Carthagena.....	1300
“ Savinilla.....	1322
“ Curacao.....	1557
“ Trinidad...:	2085
“ Barbados.....	2135

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German Empire—John Knittschnitt, Consul, 163 Carondelet.

Great Britain—A. de G. de Fonblanque, Consul, 13 Carondelet.

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Guatemala—E. Martinez, Consul, 77 Custom-house.

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Italy—M. C. Marfoschi, Consul, 84 Conti.

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Russia—J. F. Schroeder, Consul, 62 Baronne.

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" Baltimore.....	1204
" Boston.....	1626
" Charleston.....	803
" Chattanooga.....	574
" Chicago.....	910
" Cincinnati.....	858
" Cleveland, O.....	1103
" Denver.....	1616
" El Paso.....	1075
" Galveston.....	411
" Houston.....	361
" Indianapolis.....	823
" Jacksonville.....	743
" Kansas City.....	977
" Little Rock.....	529
" Louisville.....	749
" Lynchburg.....	1020
" Mexico City.....	1300
" Memphis.....	394
" Milwaukee.....	1000
" Mobile.....	140
" Montreal.....	1698
" Montgomery.....	320
" Nashville.....	564
" New York.....	1392
" Niagara Falls.....	1308
" Norfolk.....	1224
" Omaha.....	1110
" Paducah.....	553
" Pensacola.....	244
" Philadelphia.....	1304
" Pittsburg.....	1171
" Quebec.....	1909
" Richmond.....	1046
" Savannah.....	734
" Salt Lake City.....	2123
" San Francisco.....	2500
" San Antonio.....	577
" Selma.....	392
" St. Louis.....	700
" St. Paul.....	1324
" Toronto.....	1365
" Vicksburg.....	227
" Washington.....	1163

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF MIDDLING UPLAND
COTTON IN EACH OF THE CALENDAR YEARS
NAMED AT THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

YEAR.	HIGHEST PRICE. CENTS.	LOWEST PRICE. CENTS.	YEAR.	HIGHEST PRICE. CENTS.	LOWEST PRICE. CENTS.
1825.....	27	13	1856.....	12	9
1826.....	14	9	1857.....	15	13
1827.....	12	8	1858.....	13	9
1828.....	13	9	1859.....	12	11
1829.....	11	8	1860.....	11	10
1830.....	13	8	1861.....	28	11
1831.....	11	7	1862.....	68	20
1832.....	12	7	1863.....	88	54
1833.....	17	9	1864.....	190	72
1834.....	16	10	1865.....	122	33
1835.....	20	15	1866.....	52	32
1836.....	20	12	1867.....	36	15½
1837.....	17	7	1868.....	33	16
1838.....	12	9	1869.....	35	25
1839.....	16	11	1870.....	25¾	15
1840.....	10	8	1871.....	22	14¾
1841.....	11	9	1872.....	27 ³ / ₈	18 ⁵ / ₈
1842.....	9	7	1873.....	21 ³ / ₈	13 ⁵ / ₈
1843.....	8	5	1874.....	18 ⁷ / ₈	14 ³ / ₄
1844.....	9	5	1875.....	17 ¹ / ₈	13 ¹ / ₁₆
1845.....	9	4	1876.....	13 ³ / ₈	10 ⁷ / ₈
1846.....	9	6	1877.....	13 ⁵ / ₁₆	10 ¹³ / ₁₆
1847.....	12	7	1878.....	12 ³ / ₁₆	8 ¹³ / ₁₆
1848.....	8	5	1879.....	13 ³ / ₄	9¼
1849.....	11	6	1880.....	13¼	10 ¹ / ₁₆
1850.....	14	11	1881.....	13	10 ⁷ / ₁₆
1851.....	14	8	1882.....	13 ¹ / ₁₆	10¼
1852.....	10	8	1883.....	11 ¹ / ₈	10
1853.....	11	10	1884 to }	11 ¹⁵ / ₁₆	10 ⁹ / ₁₆
1854.....	10	8	Sept. 1. }		
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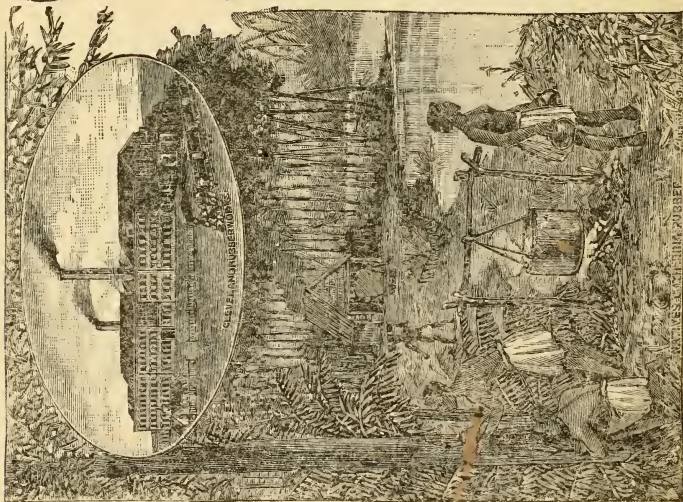
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